NO. 16

BLACK HOOD

FALL

comics

10¢

AN MLJ MAGAZINE

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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1296, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

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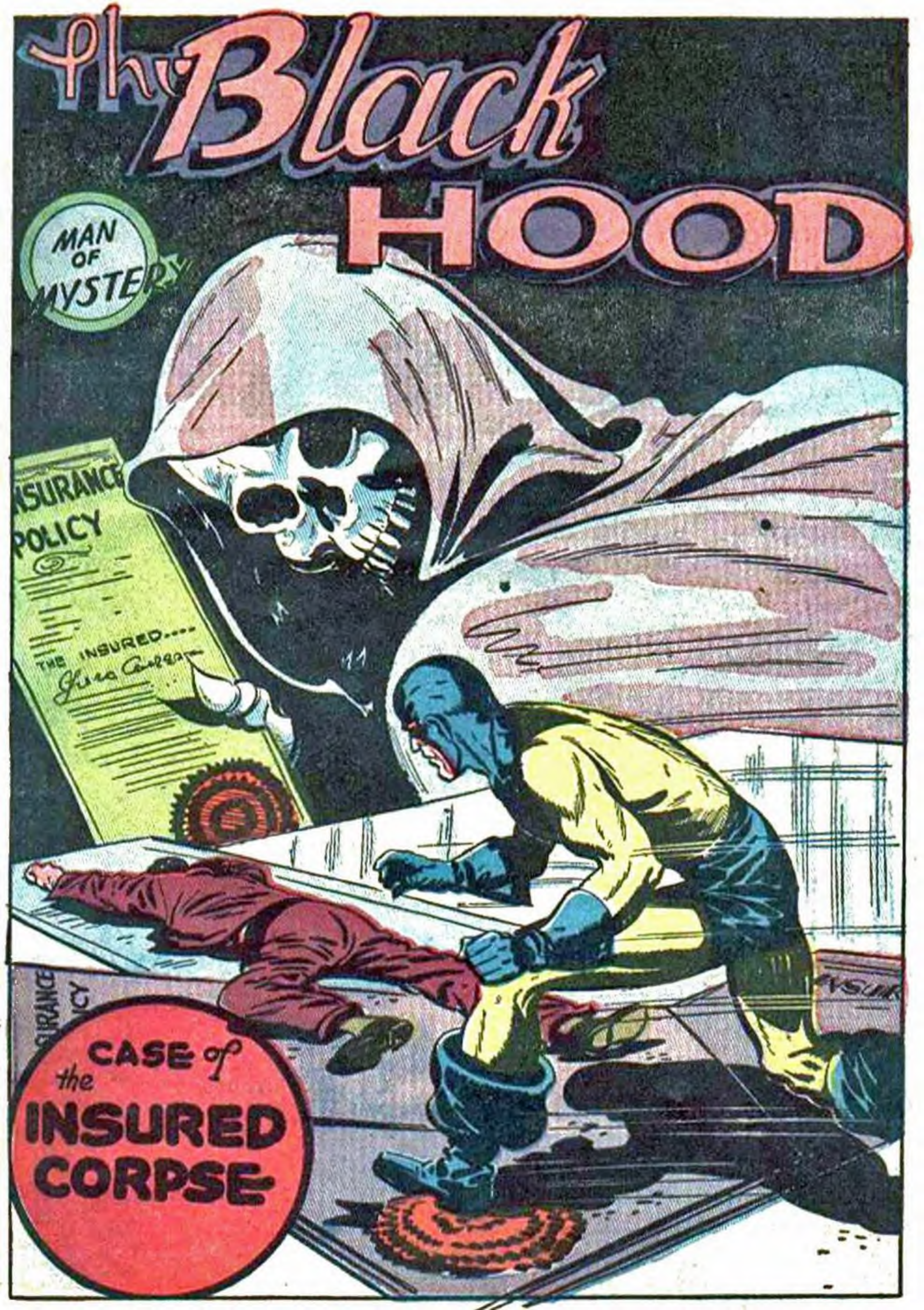

The Black HOOD
MAN OF MYSTERY
INSURANCE POLICY
THE INSURED....
CASE of the INSURED CORPSE

OH, COME ON, McGINTY- GIVE ME A BREAK-- HOW ABOUT A STORY?
DAGNABBIT! DON'T YOU RE-PORTERS EVER TAKE 'NO' FOR ANSWER? THERE AIN'T NO STORY!

SAY, I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO GET A STORY FOR BABS! IF YOU WERE TO COMMIT SUICIDE--?
NONE O' YER WISECRACKS, BURLAND! IT SO HAPPENS THAT I JUST THOUGHT OF A STORY!

NOW, BABS-GO DOWN TO 603 ELM STREET-THE LADY THERE SAYS HER HUSBAND IS MISSIN'!
GEE! THANKS-SARGE! YOU'RE A PEACH!

SO LONG, BOYS! MY INTUITION TELLS ME THAT THIS IS GOING TO BE A HOT SCOOP!

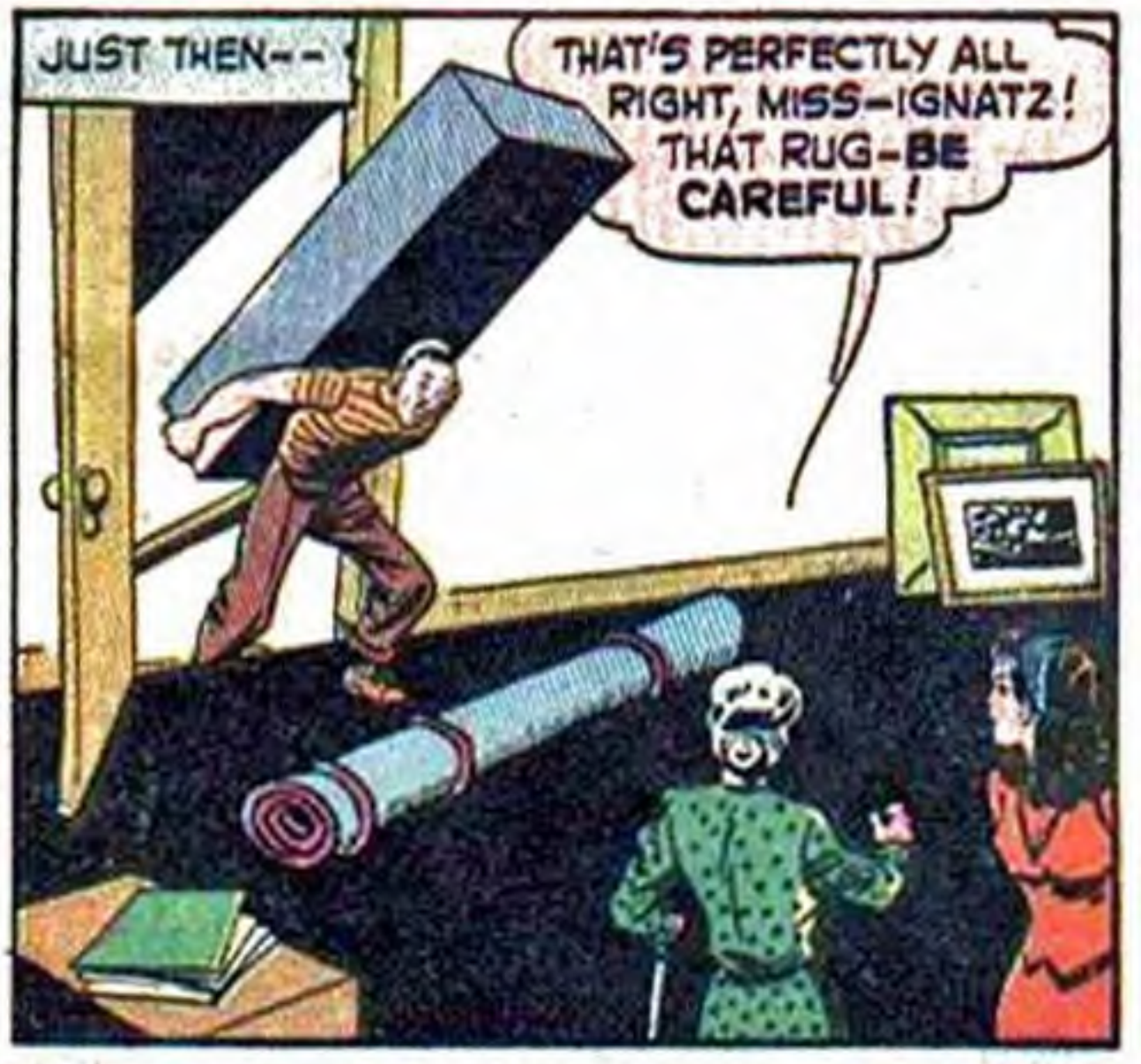
HO, HO! IS THAT A SCREAM? HER INTUITION TELLS HER--- HA-HA-HA!
WHAT'S THE GAG?

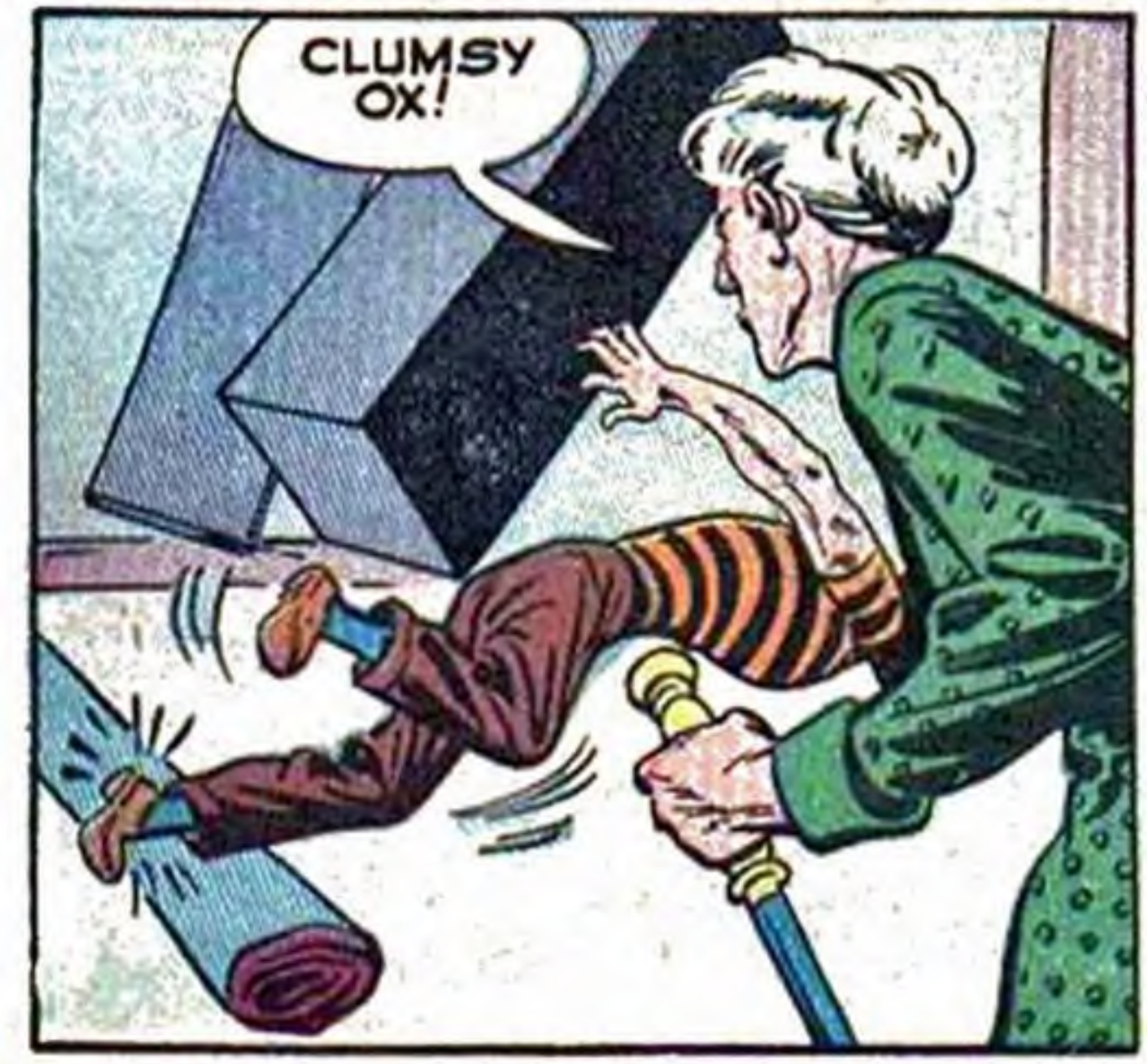
HER INTUITION MUST BE WORKING OVERTIME, 'CAUSE THAT CASE HAPPENED JUST SEVEN YEARS AGO! AHA, HA, HA!

GOOD EVENING-I'M A REPORTER FROM THE NORTHVILLE COURIER!
A REPORTER? GOODNESS ME - WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT WITH ME?

THE ONLY THING I COULD TELL YOU, IS THAT I'M MOVING TODAY-AND THAT IS HARDLY EXCITING NEWS!
-BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARANCE?

MY HUSBAND? LAN' SAKES-THAT HAP-PENED SEVEN YEARS AGO!
OH, BROTHER! DID I FALL FOR THAT ONE!
UH-I GUESS I MADE A MISTAKE!! SORRY TO HAVE BOTHERED YOU!

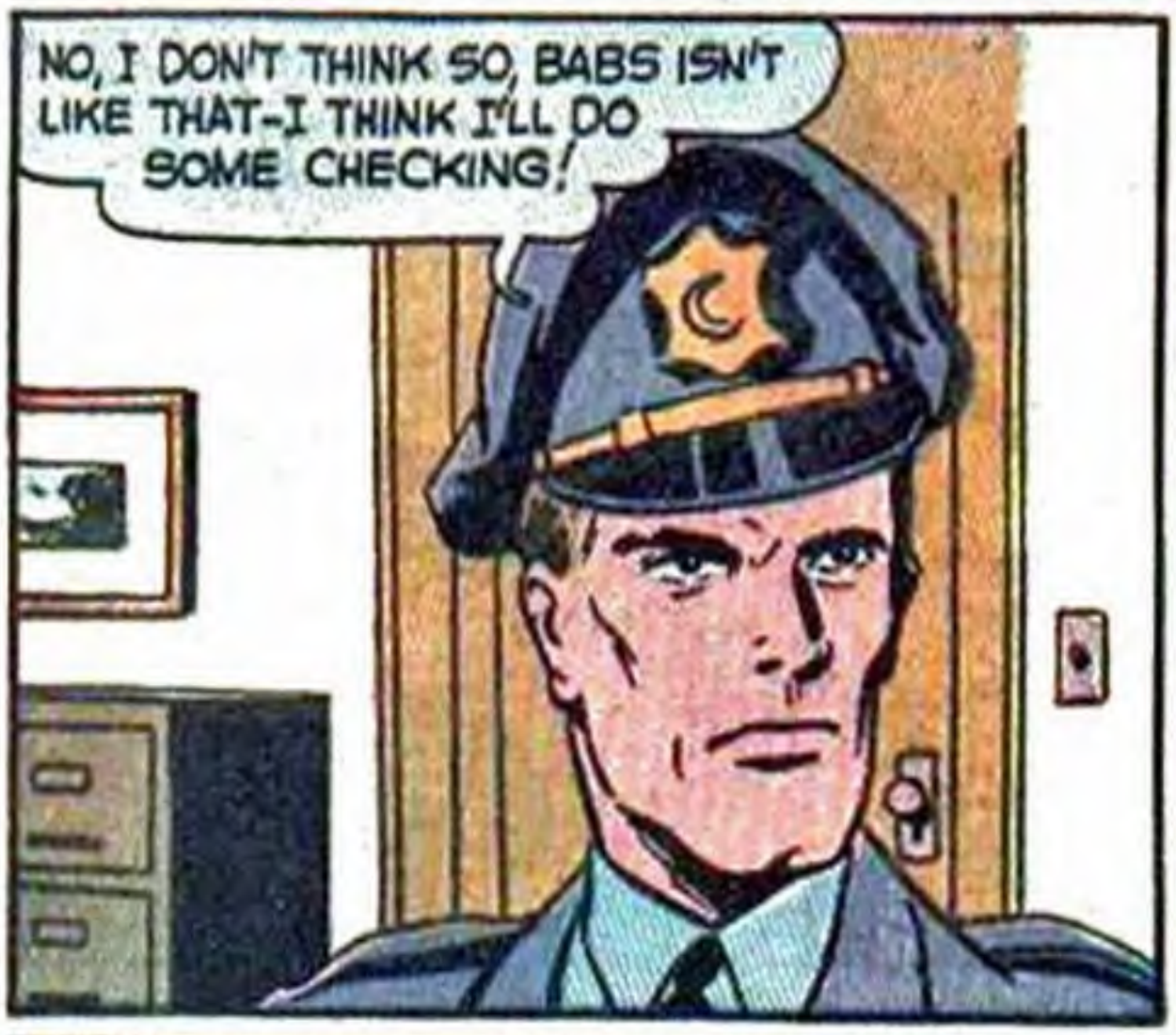

JUST THEN--
THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, MISS-IGNATZ! THAT RUG-BE CAREFUL!


CLUMSY OX!

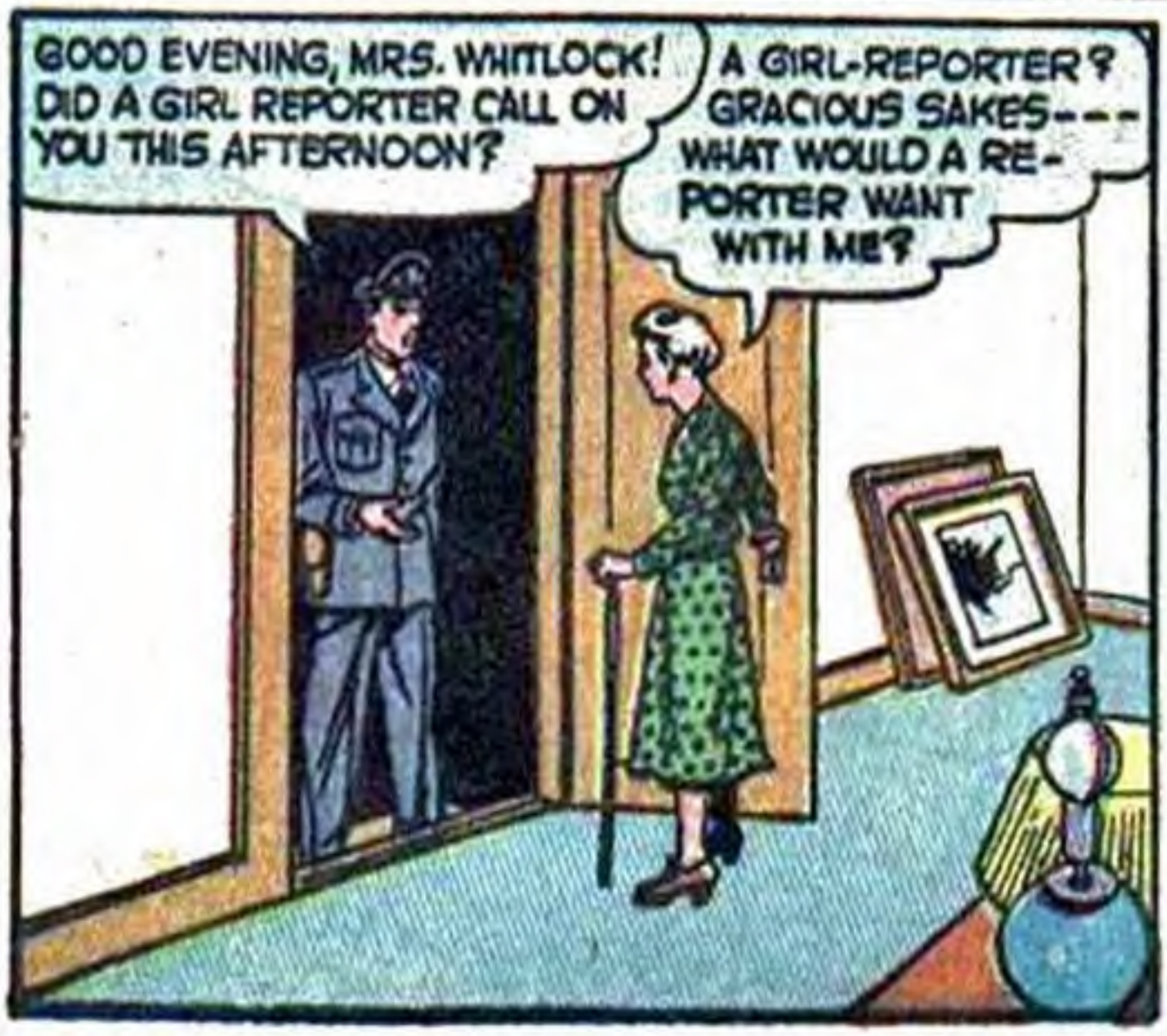
OH!

YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, MY DEAR!

BACK AT THE POLICE STATION—
I'M WORRIED, SARGE! BARBARA SHOULD'VE RETURNED LONG AGO!
AH, JUST LIKE A WOMAN, BE-JABERS! CAN'T TAKE A JOKE! SHE MUST'VE GOTTEN MAD AND WON'T COME BACK!


NO, I DON'T THINK SO, BABS ISN'T LIKE THAT—I THINK I'LL DO SOME CHECKING!

603 ELM STREET—THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT!

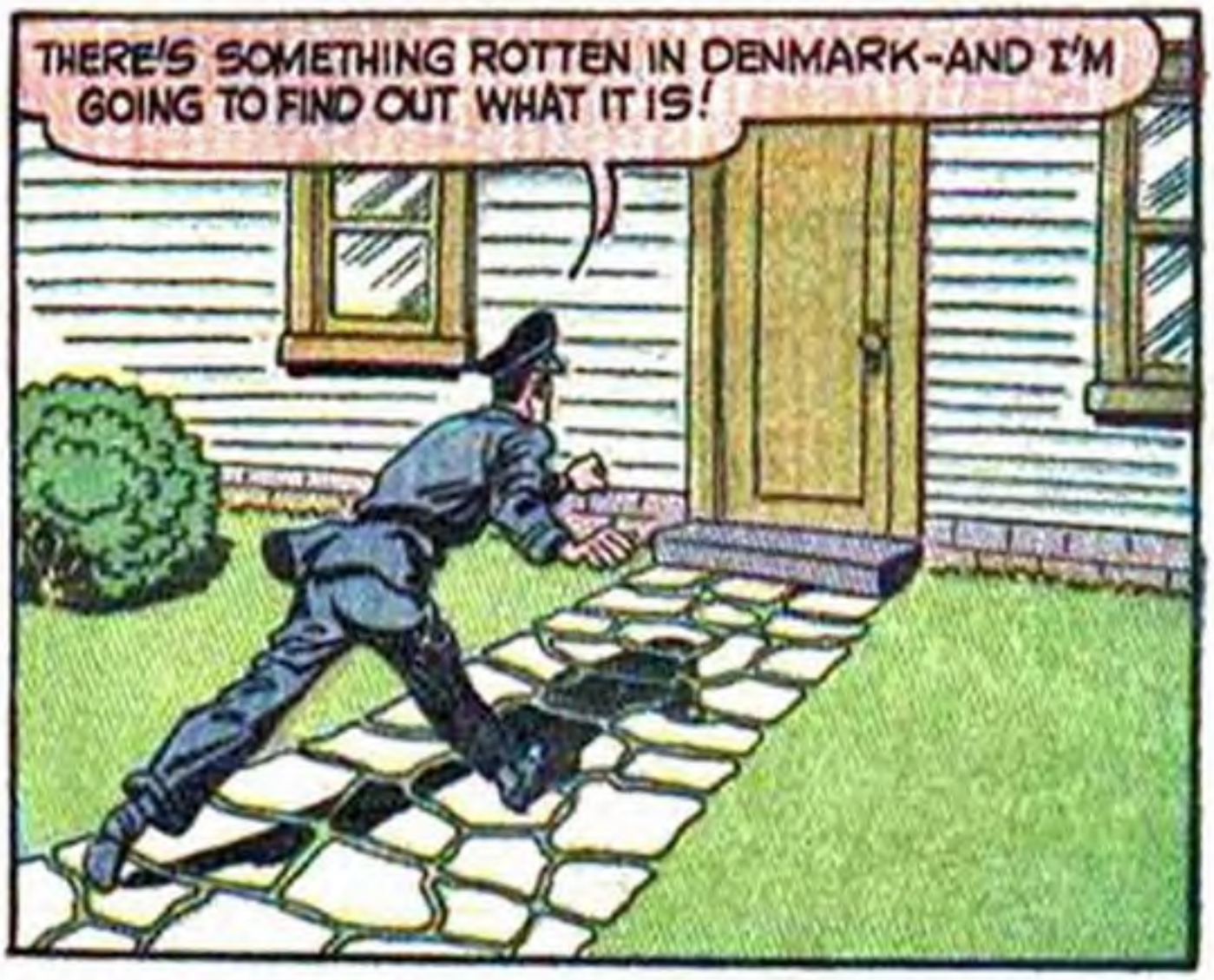

GOOD EVENING, MRS. WHITLOCK! DID A GIRL REPORTER CALL ON YOU THIS AFTERNOON?
A GIRL-REPORTER? GRACIOUS SAKES--- WHAT WOULD A RE-PORTER WANT WITH ME?

YOU MEAN SHE WASN'T HERE?
OF COURSE NOT! AND—NOW! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME—I'M IN A HURRY TO LEAVE!

I DON'T GET IT! THERE'S NO REASON FOR THAT NICE, OLD LADY TO LIE!-AND YET--?

HELLO-WHAT'S THIS?

THAT OLD WOMAN WAS LYING! THIS IS BABS' HANKIE-! SHE WAS HERE AFTER ALL!

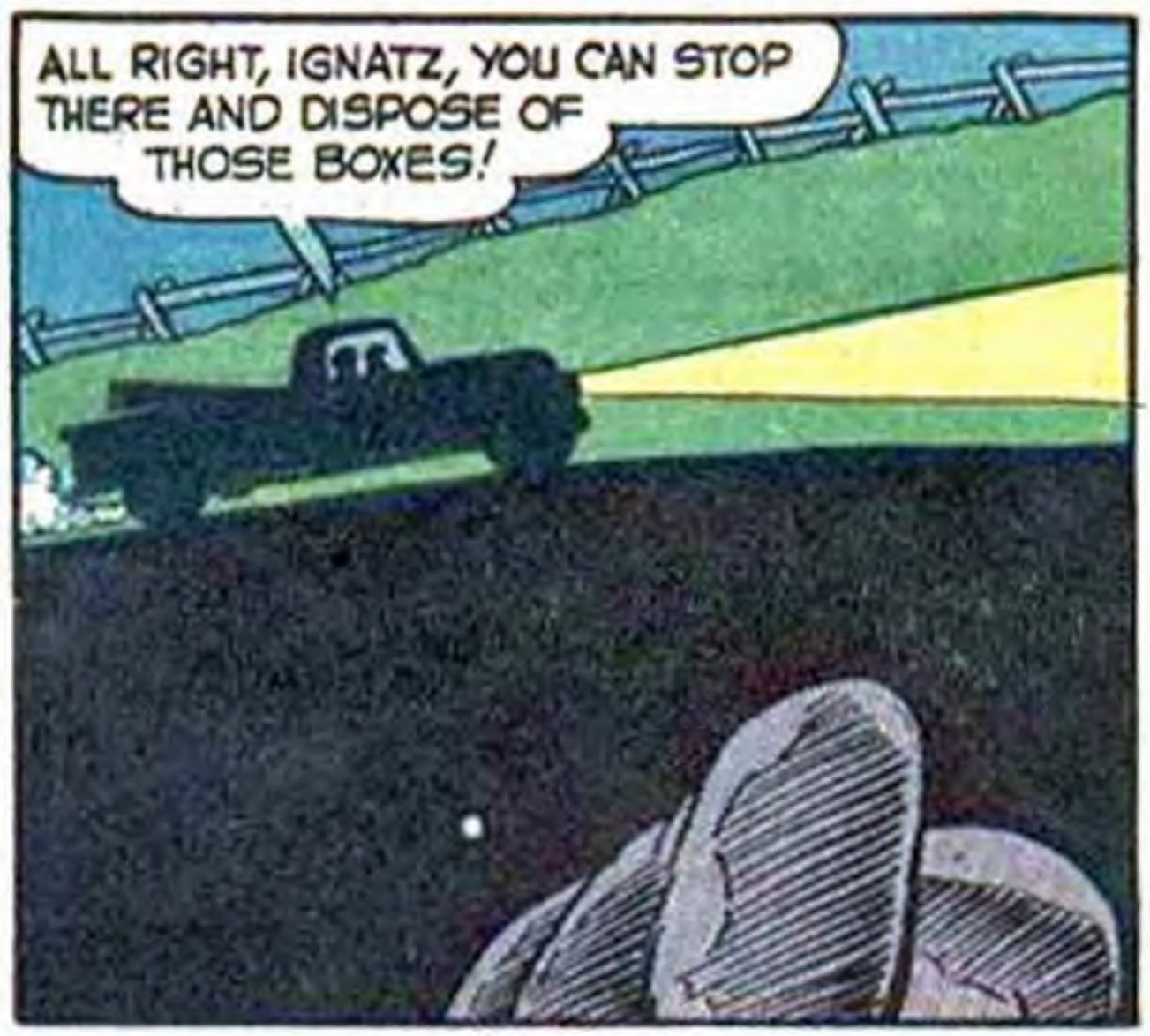

THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DENMARK-AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

GONE! BOY, SHE WASN'T KIDDING, WHEN SHE SAID SHE WAS IN A HURRY TO LEAVE!

A TRUCK LEAVING BY THE BACK DRIVE-SHE MUST BE IN IT!

HERE'S WHERE PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND LEAVES OFF AND THE BLACK HOOD PICKS UP!

WHEREVER SHE'S GOING, SHE'S IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET THERE!


ALL RIGHT, IGNATZ, YOU CAN STOP THERE AND DISPOSE OF THOSE BOXES!

WHAT TH--? HE'S GOING TO TOSS THOSE BOXES OVER THE CLIFF INTO THE RIVER BELOW!

-BUT NOT BEFORE I HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!

GOOD LAND!

--NOW FOR THE OTHER BOX! I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO LOOK--

PERFECT! NOW I'M RID OF THEM ALL- INCLUDING IGNATZ! THE STUPID OX NEVER COULD SWIM!

WOW-I DUCKED JUST IN TIME - ANOTHER SPLIT SECOND AND I'D HAVE BEEN FISH FOOD!

THE BOXES. SHE'S TOSSED 'EM IN!

THIS IS THE ONE SHE'S PROBABLY GOT BARBARA IN!

SHE'S NOT DEAD YET-THANK HEAVENS!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...
YES! HOOD, THAT OTHER BOX-THERE'S A SKELETON IN IT!
FEELING ANY BETTER?

YES! AND I THINK I KNOW WHOSE IT IS! LOOK, BABS, I WANT YOU TO GO THROUGH YOUR NEWSPAPER FILES AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY RECORD OF WHICH COMPANY WHITLOCK WAS INSURED WITH!
HMM-I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE PICTURE MYSELF!

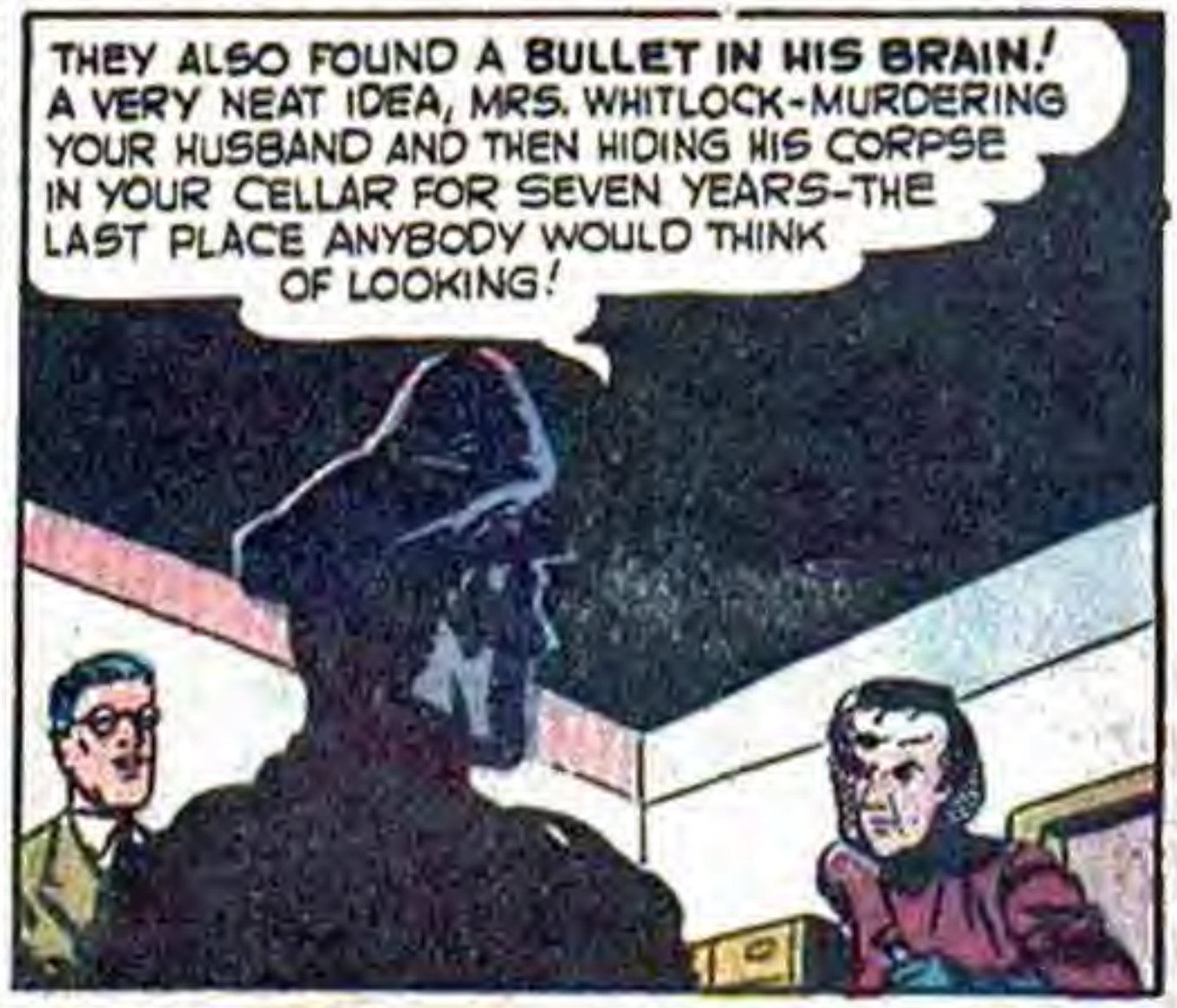
NEXT DAY, AT THE ROYAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OFFICES--
AH, YES, MRS. WHITLOCK! TODAY IS EXACTLY SEVEN YEARS SINCE YOUR HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARANCE, ISN'T IT?
YES, POOR SOUL! IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

ER-BY THE WAY, DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND?
WHY, NO, MY GRIEF WAS SO GREAT, I COULDN'T BEAR SEEING HIS FACE!! I DESTROYED THEM ALL!

IS THIS A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND?
Y-YES! WHO GAVE IT TO YOU?

I DID!
YOU!

--OR TO PUT IT MORE ACCURATELY, THE POLICE LABORATORY DID! YOU SEE, THERE'S A WAY OF RECONSTRUCTING THE FEATURES OF A SKELETON, CALLED THE **BERTILLON METHOD!** APPARENTLY, THEY HIT IT CLOSE ENOUGH TO FOOL EVEN YOU!


THEY ALSO FOUND A **BULLET IN HIS BRAIN!** A VERY NEAT IDEA, MRS. WHITLOCK-MURDERING YOUR HUSBAND AND THEN HIDING HIS CORPSE IN YOUR CELLAR FOR SEVEN YEARS-THE LAST PLACE ANYBODY WOULD THINK OF LOOKING!

YOU KNEW, THAT AFTER SEVEN YEARS, HE'D BE DECLARED **LEGALLY DEAD!** AND YOU COULD **COLLECT HIS LIFE-INSURANCE-$200,000 WORTH!**

YOU WERE ALL READY TO COLLECT YOUR INSURANCE AND LEAVE THE COUNTRY-WHEN JUSTICE, IN THE FORM OF A GIRL-REPORTER CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!
LEMME PUT THE CUFFS ON HER'N HAUL HER AWAY!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!
OH, IZZATSO? WHY, YOU OLE WITCH, I'LL---

YOU'LL WHAT?

WELL, WELL!

NOT THIS TIME, SWEETHEART!

RIGHT BACK AT YOU!

--AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, KIP! NEVER POKE FUN AT A WOMAN'S INTUITION-OR THE SIZE OF HER POCKETBOOK!

-LATER-
OH, SARGE, ANY OTHER OLD CASES LYING AROUND? MY INTUITION TELLS ME-
HA, HA, HA!
AW, SHUT UP'N PASS ME A COLD COMPRESS!

WORLD WONDERS
VERY OFTEN AFRICAN TRIBESMEN, WHEN GIVEN EUROPEAN BOOTS, CARRY THEM WHEN WALKING SO AS NOT TO WEAR THEM OUT. THEY CONSIDER BOOTS ONLY FOR SHOW!
A CERTAIN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER OF FARM EQUIPMENT, WHEN SHIPPING TOOLS TO THE PERUVIANS LIVING HIGH ABOVE THE ANDEAN TIMBER LINE, SHIPS THEM IN PINE BOXES. THE NATIVES USE THE BOXES FOR COFFINS!
-GOSS
CAMELS WERE ONCE NATIVE TO AMERICA.
IN THE BALL GAME PLAYED BY THE ANCIENT AZTECS, THE HARD RUBBER BALL COULD BE HIT ONLY WITH THE BODY... IT WAS SO DIFFICULT TO PUT THE BALL THRU THE HOOP THAT A PLAYER WHO DID WON THE GAME AND WAS ALLOWED ALL THE CLOTHES AND PROPERTY OF THE SPECTATORS.

Black HOOD
MAN OF MYSTERY
The GOURMET STRIKES AGAIN!

WHEE-EE!
POLICE
PD

LOOK AT THAT POLICE CAR GO! WE MUST BE HAVING A CRIME WAVE!
MUST BE!

-AT LAST THE SQUAD CAR COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT!

WOW! I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET HERE, McGINTY!

BARBARA! WHERE ARE YOU?

GOODNESS! DID YOU FLY HERE, KIP? I HARDLY HUNG UP ON YOU!
WE'D HAVE GOTTEN HERE SOONER IF I WAS DRIVIN', DAGNABBIT!

GOOD GRIEF! ALL I DID WAS INVITE YOU OVER FOR DINNER!

THAT'S PLENTY! A REAL HOME-COOKED MEAL! WOW!

WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, IT'S NOT READY YET!

LET'S HEAR THE NEWS MEANWHILE, SARGE!

FLASH! THE GOURMET HAS JUST BROKEN OUT OF PRISON!

&*#@%!!?!? THOSE RUMMIES LET 'EM ESCAPE ALMOST AS FAST AS WE CATCH 'EM!

ANYWAY, TH' GOURMET'LL HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO SHOW UP HERE IN NORTHVILLE, BEJABERS!

-BUT-THE GOURMET'S JUST CRAFTY ENOUGH TO FIGURE THIS IS THE LAST PLACE THE POLICE WOULD LOOK FOR HIM!

UMMMM! WILL YOU PLEASE SMELL THAT COOKING?

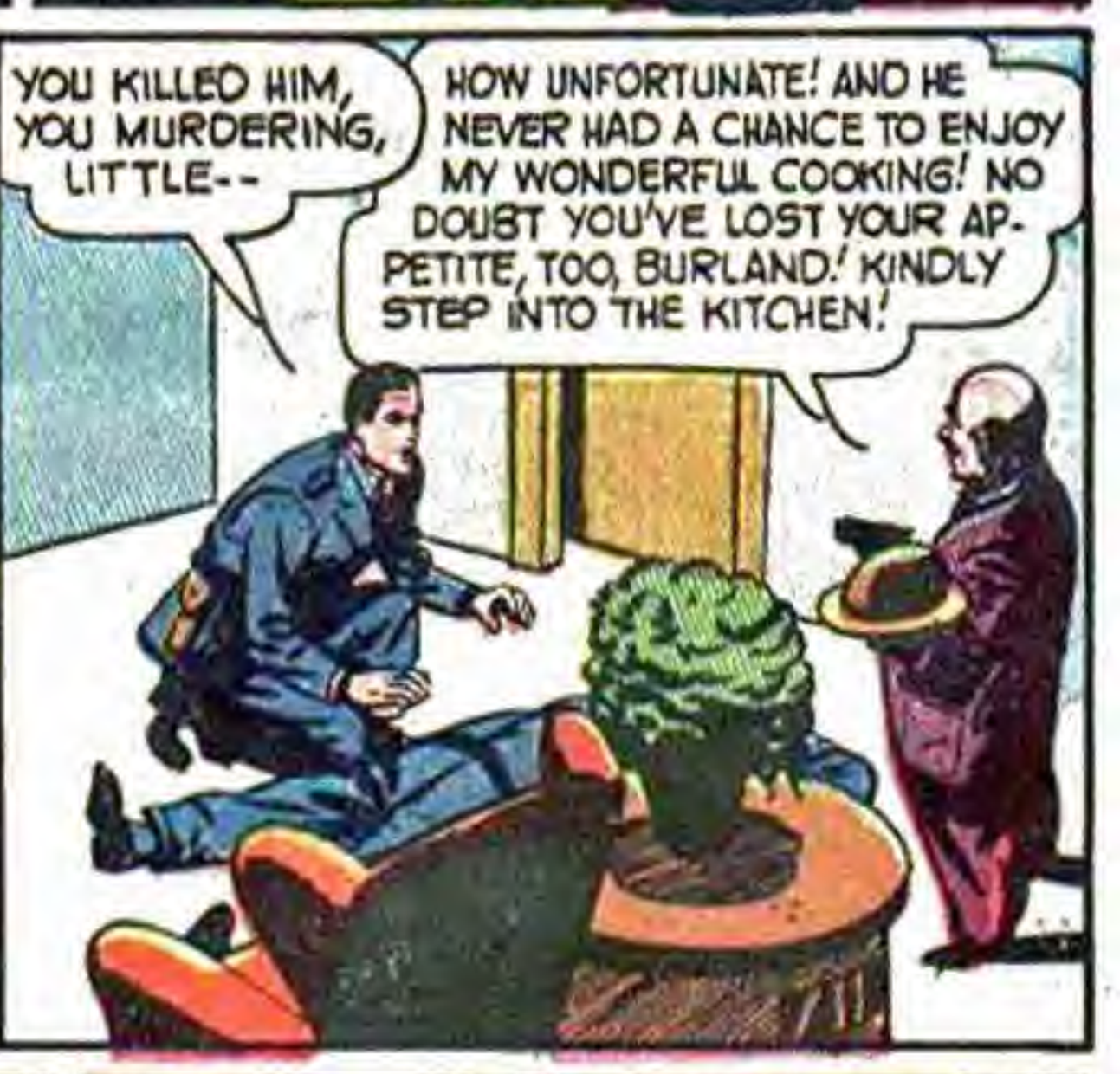
BOY-I DIDN'T KNOW BARBARA COULD COOK THAT WELL!

I'M DYIN' TO SINK ME MOLARS INTO THAT ROAST!

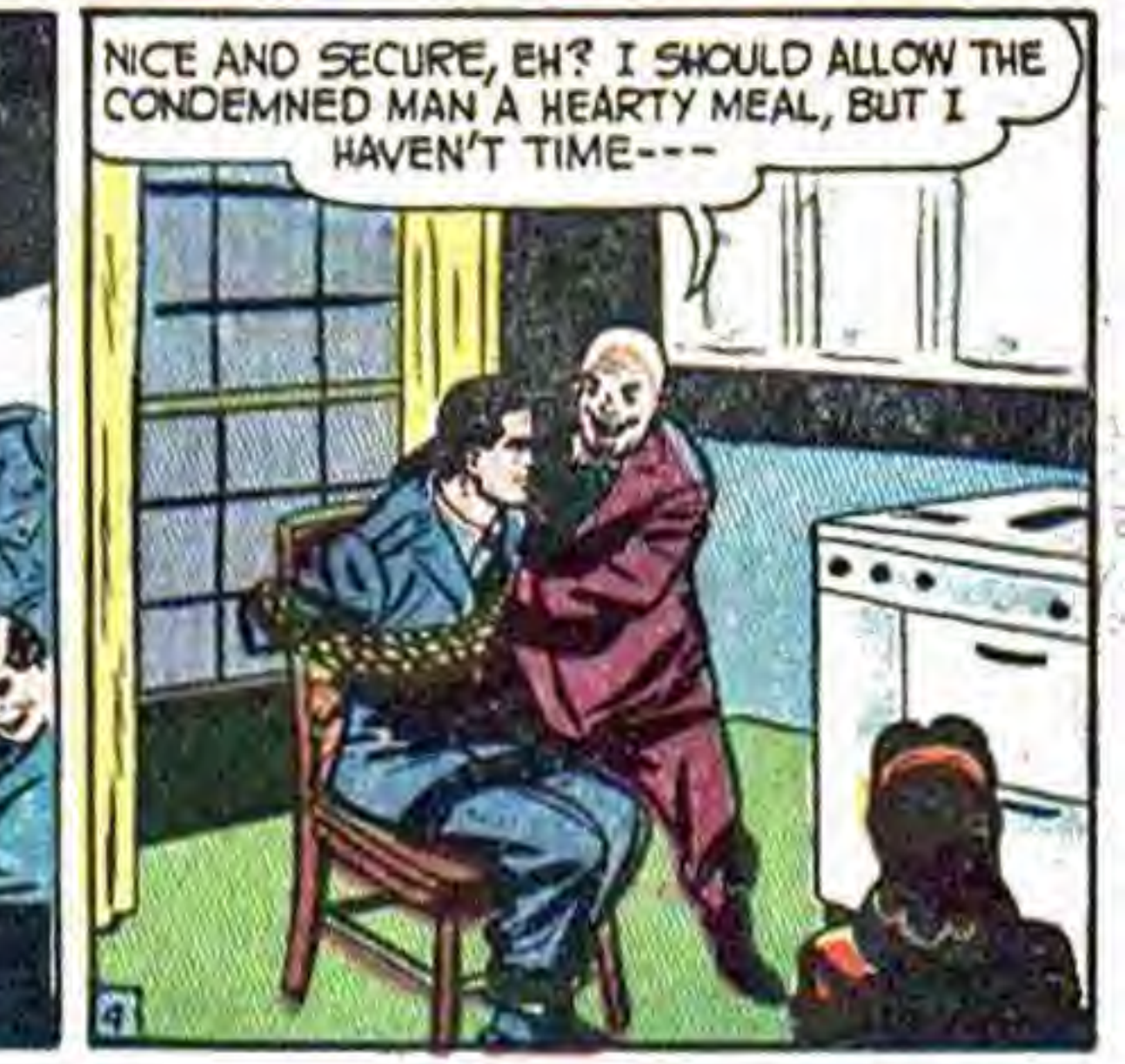
I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET YOUR WISH, SERGEANT McGINTY!
WHAT TH-?
THE GOURMET!

HA, DON'T BE SO SURPRISED, GENTLEMEN! IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO FOLLOW YOU, HERE, AND SNEAK INTO THE KITCHEN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR! I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF FINISHING THE DINNER MISS SUTTON SO THOUGHTFULLY STARTED! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO ONE LAST GOOD MEAL!

WHY, YOU DIRTY PUNK! I'LL-OO--OOHAAW!


YOU KILLED HIM, YOU MURDERING, LITTLE--
HOW UNFORTUNATE! AND HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO ENJOY MY WONDERFUL COOKING! NO DOUBT YOU'VE LOST YOUR APPETITE, TOO, BURLAND! KINDLY STEP INTO THE KITCHEN!

BABS!


NICE AND SECURE, EH? I SHOULD ALLOW THE CONDEMNED MAN A HEARTY MEAL, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME---

I HAVE A LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT AT THE CARLTON-RITZ! MEANWHILE, I'LL TURN ON THE GAS JETS--

TA, TA! I NEVER EXPECTED TO HAVE MY REVENGE SO EASILY-YOU WERE MOST CO-OPERATIVE!

KIP, I CAN HARDLY BREATHE-I-I--
IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN SOON, WE'LL ALL BE DEAD!

THE WINDOW! IF I CAN ONLY WORK THIS CHAIR TOWARD IT-IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

CRASH!

THE FALLING GLASS STRIKES A POLICEMAN BELOW----
HEY!

THAT GLASS CAME FROM THIS APARTMENT! SNIF-SNIFF! GAS!

WHAT GOES HERE?
HURRY-TURN OFF THE GAS AND UNTIE THESE ROPES!

THANK HEAVENS, McGINTY'S STILL BREATHING! RING FOR AN AMBULANCE, QUICK!
RIGHT!

WHAT NOW?
IT SEEMS THAT THE BLACK HOOD HAS AN APPOINTMENT AT THE CARLTON-RITZ!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CARLTON-RITZ KITCHEN-----
MY NEW HEAD CHEF-WHERE HE IS?
ZAT I DO NOT KNOW!

HERE I AM, PIERRE-SORRY TO BE LATE!
ZOUP! WE MUST HAVE ZOUP-IT IS NEARLY ZUPPERTIME!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL COOK THEM A SOUP THEY WILL NEVER FORGET!

A DASH OF THIS AND A DASH OF THAT---

THE GOURMET REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND WITHDRAWS A SMALL PACKAGE!

-AND POURS ITS CONTENTS INTO THE SOUP----!!

NOW TO STIR WELL- AND THEN SERVE!

THE SOUP SMELLS DELICIOUS!
IT'S THE NEW CHEF'S SPECIALTY!

UGH-I FEEL FAINT!

WHAT IZ? EVERYBODY IZ FAINTING! MY RESTAURANT, SHE IZ RUINED! HELP! GET A DOCTAIRE!

DISCARDING HIS 'CHEF'S' CLOTHES, THE GOURMET GOES ABOUT HIS "WORK"-UNNOTICED IN THE CONFUSION!
I'M SO SORRY YOU DIDN'T ENJOY THE SOUP! MAY I ASSIST YOU, MADAM? THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!

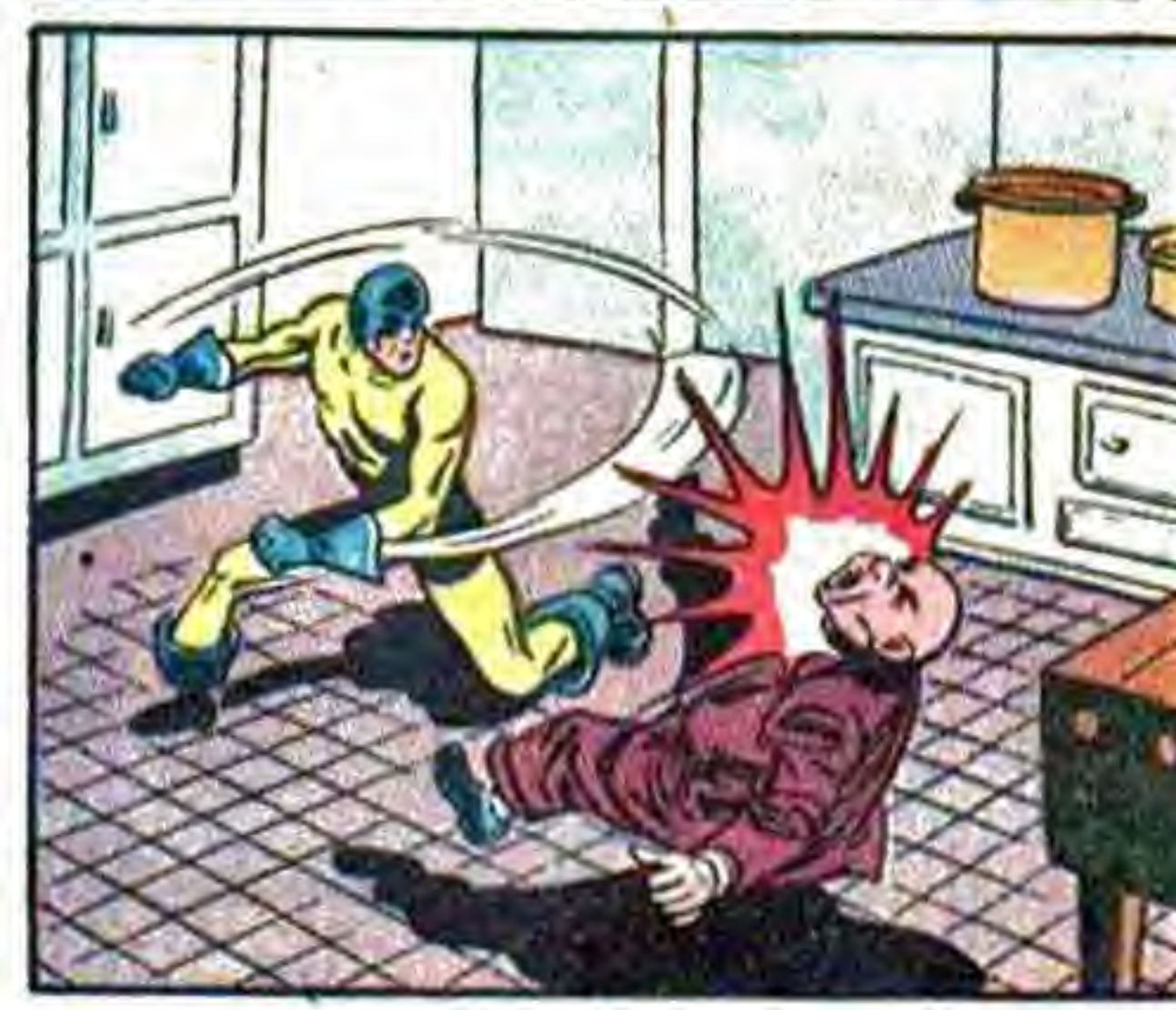
THE BLACK HOOD!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

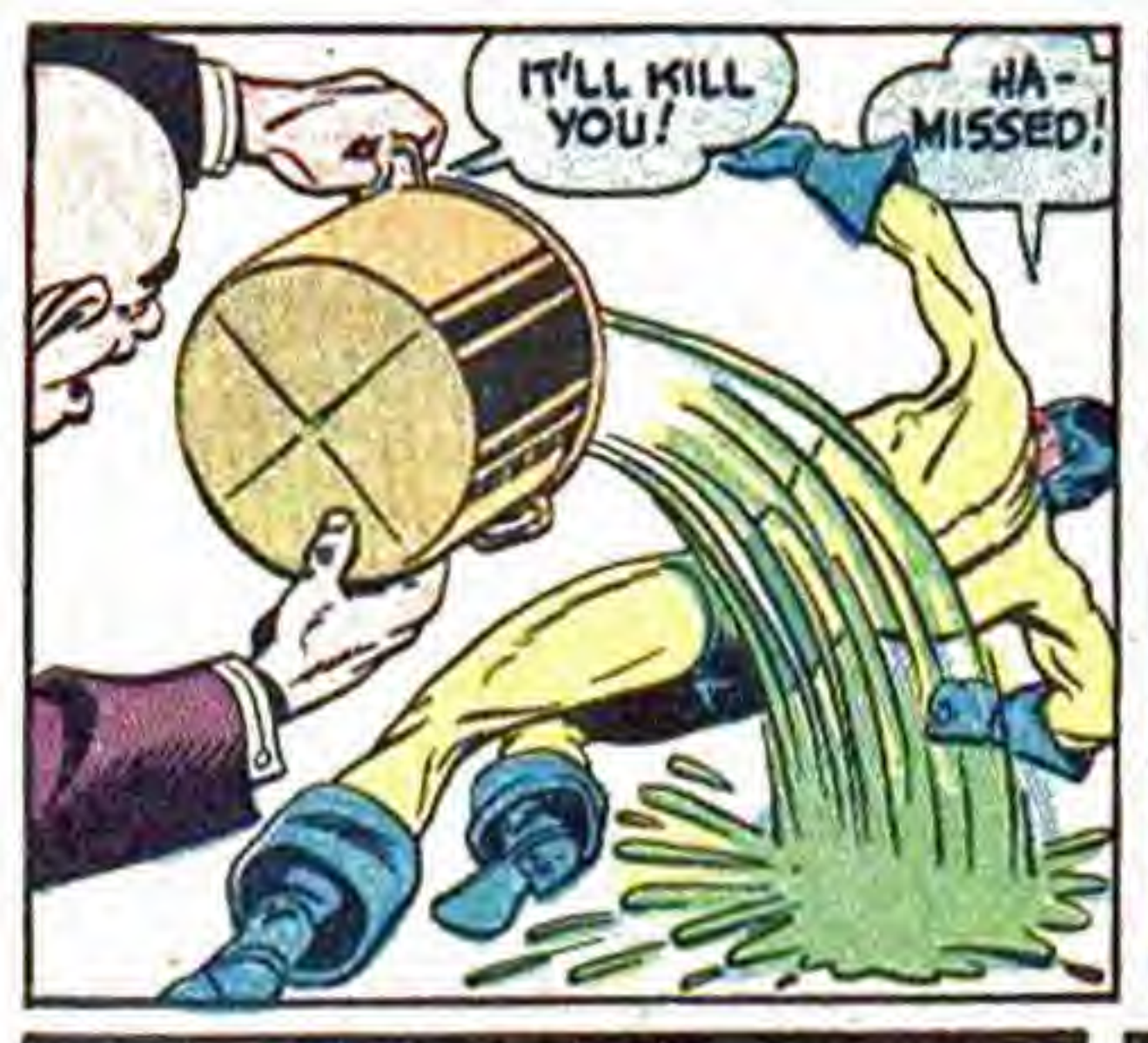
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!
KITCHEN

AH, THE CARVING KNIFE! JUST WHAT I NEED TO COOK HIS GOOSE!!

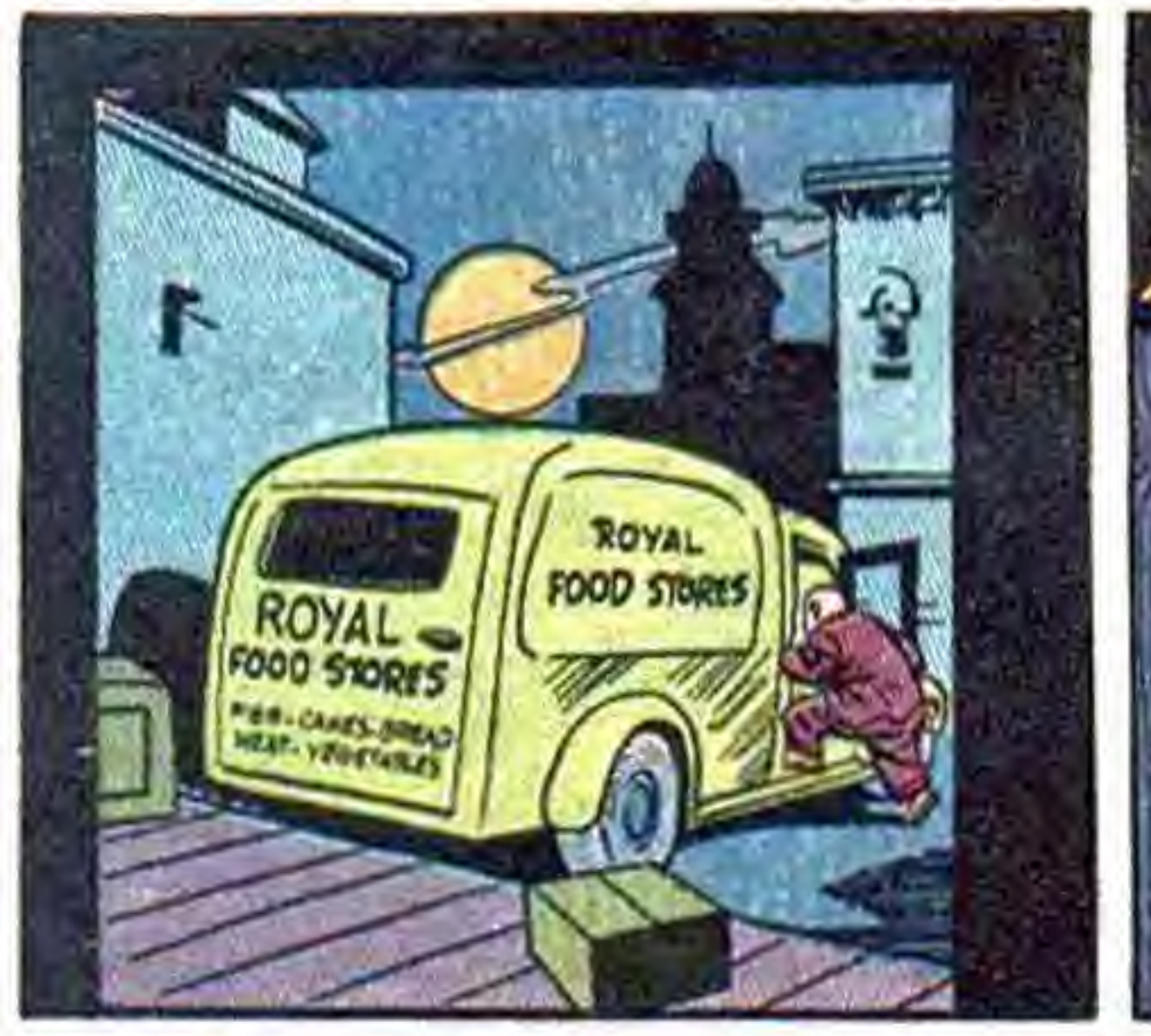
SWISH
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!



THAT WAS JUST THE ENTRÉE, HOOD! NOW FOR THE NEXT COURSE---
HOT SOUP!


IT'LL KILL YOU!
HA-MISSED!

WITH ALL THE RUNNING FATSO DOES, HE SHOULD LOSE SOME WEIGHT!!


ROYAL FOOD STORES
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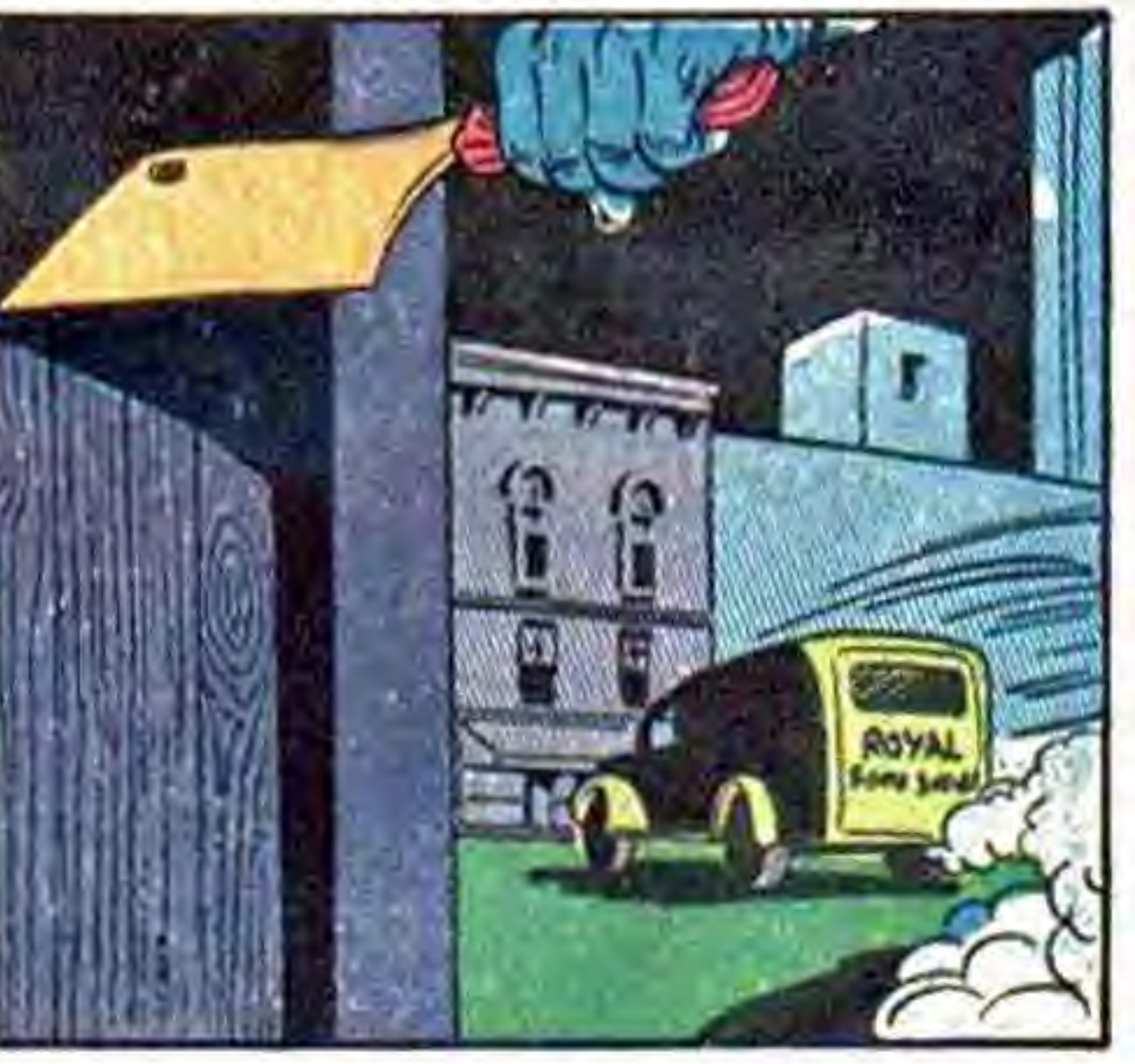
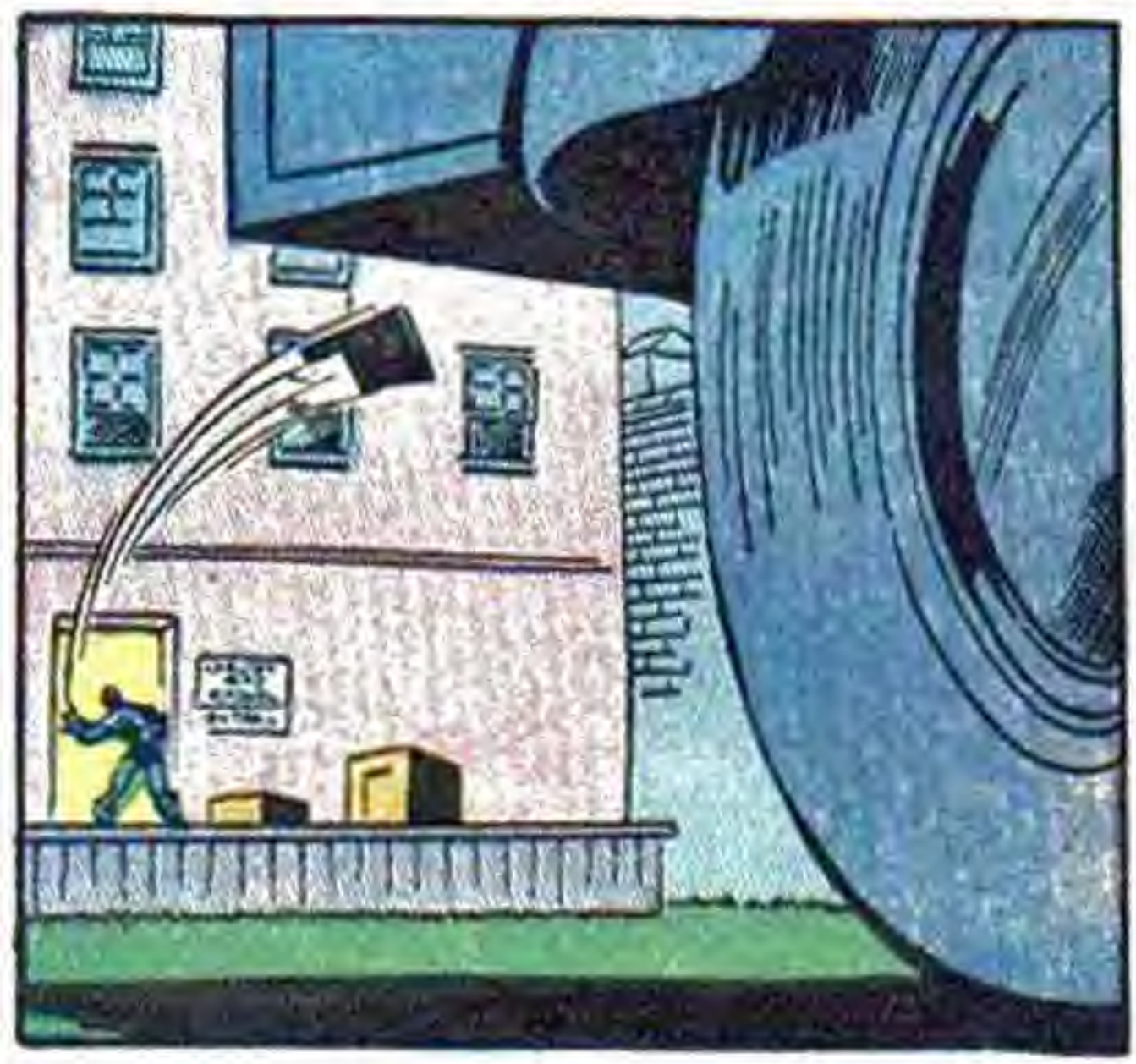
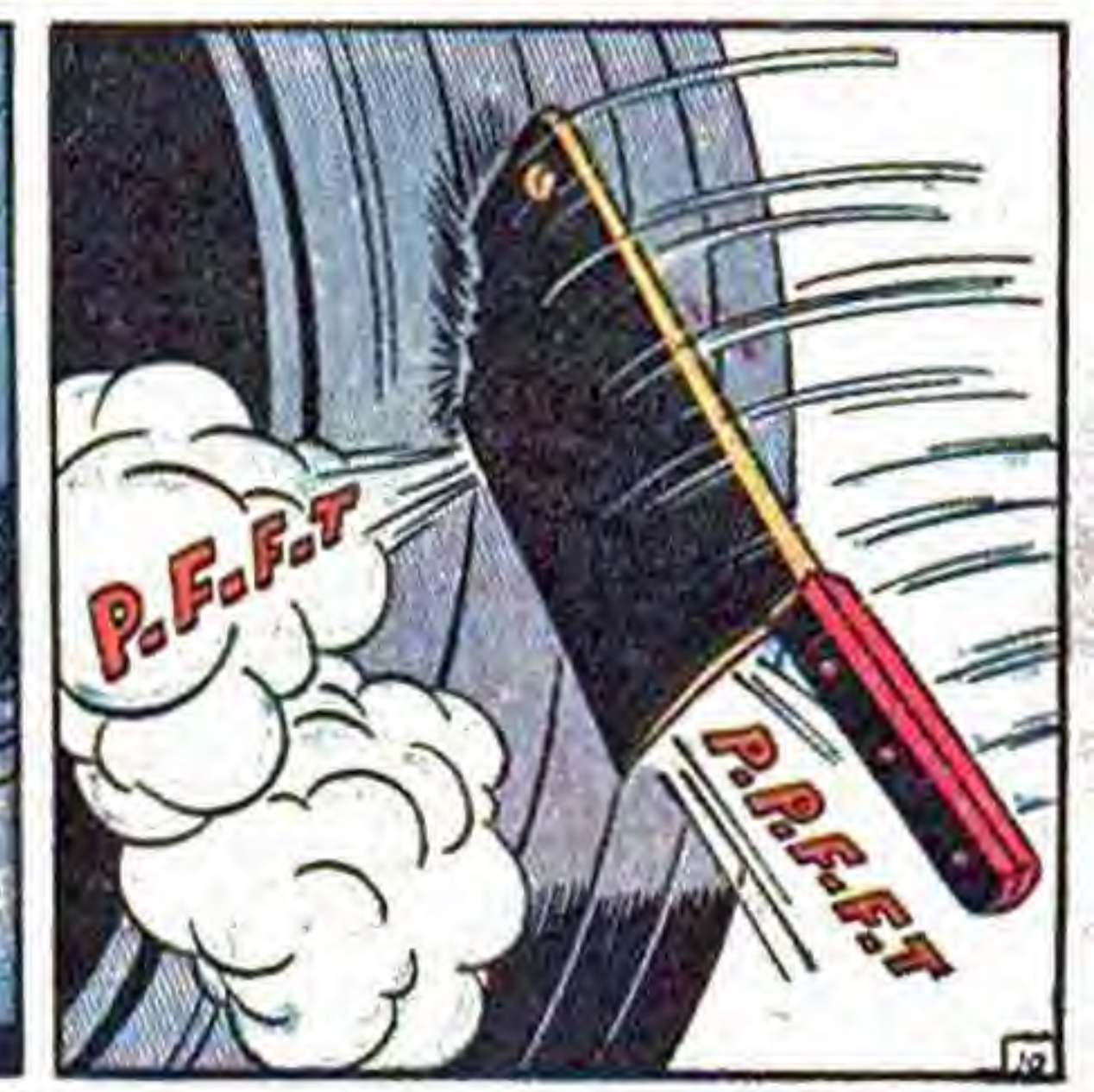

ROYAL

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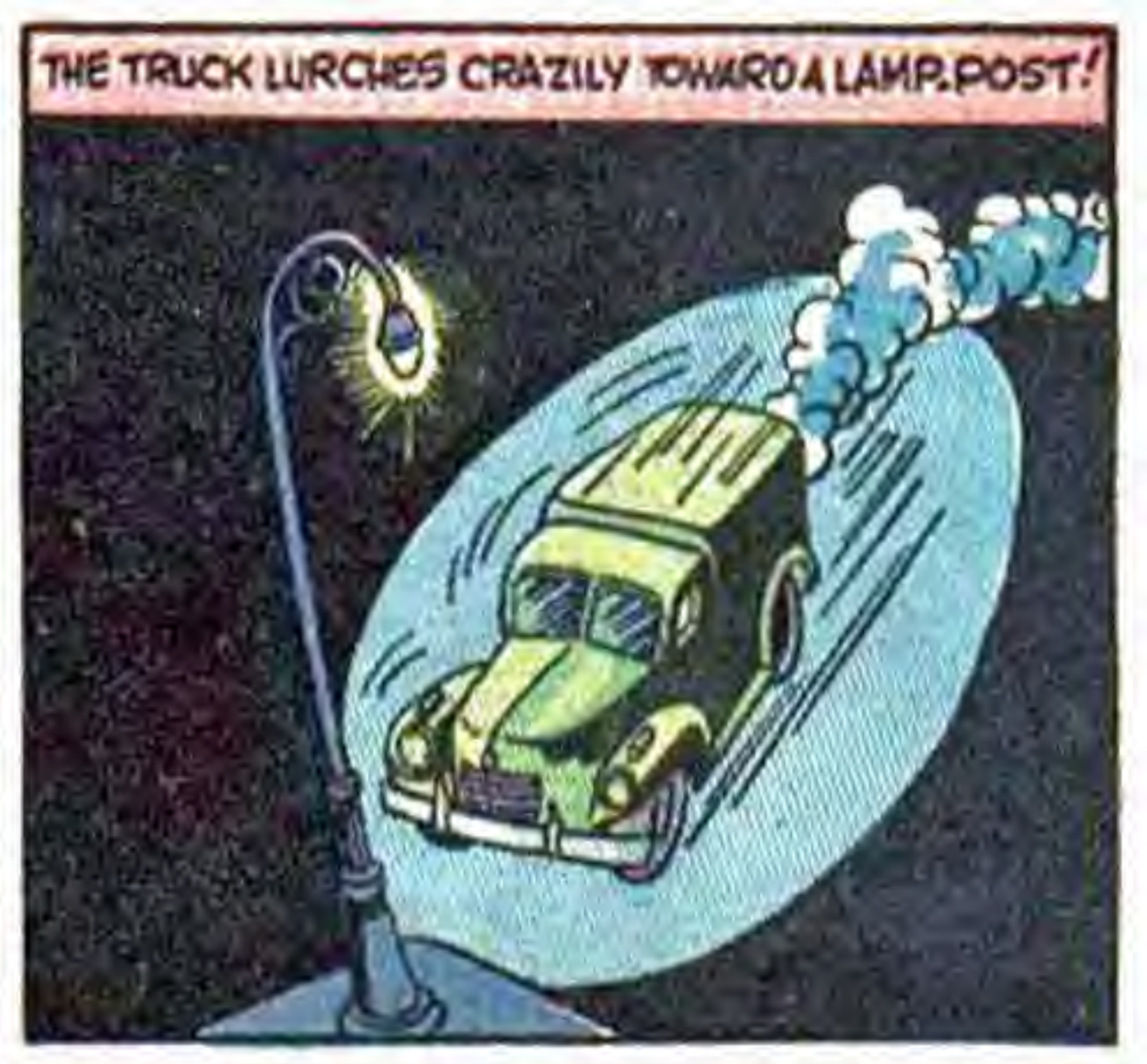
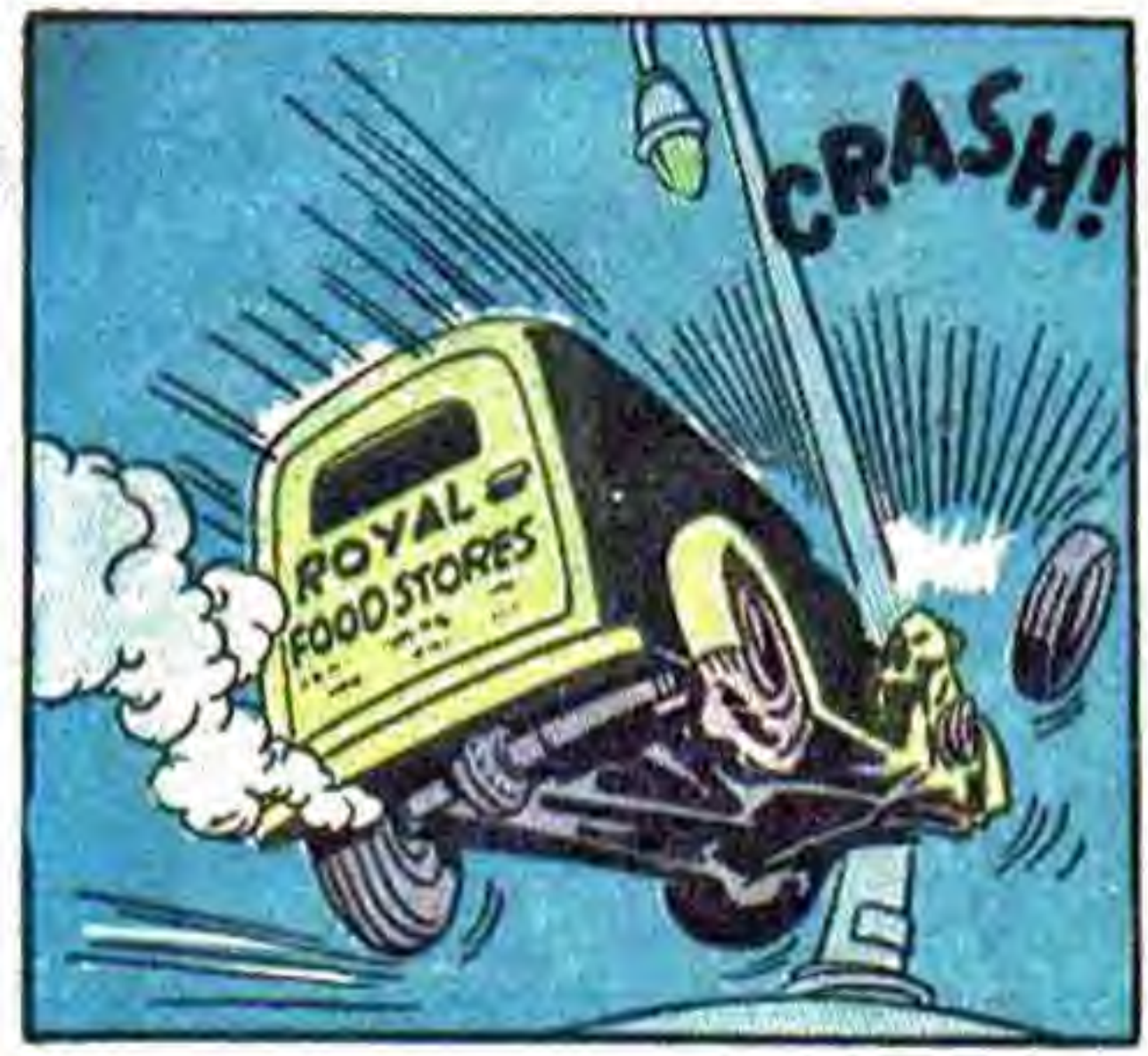
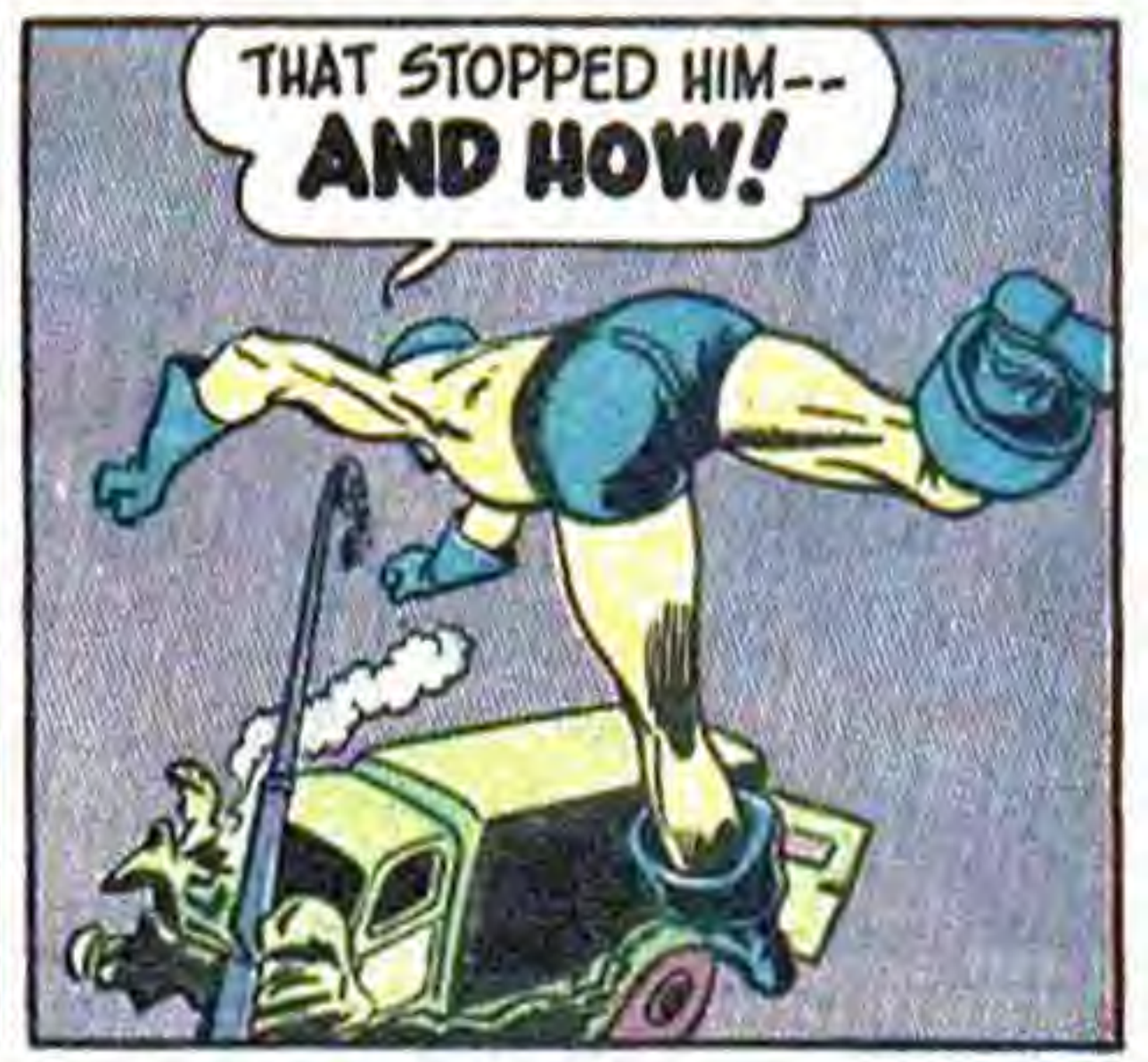
A BLOWOUT - I CAN'T CONTROL THE TRUCK!!


THE TRUCK LURCHES CRAZILY TOWARD A LAMP-POST!


CRASH!
ROYAL FOOD STORES


THAT STOPPED HIM-- AND HOW!

WELL, WELL, QUITE A DISH!

IF I HAD A PAINTING OF THAT, I'D CALL IT THE LAST MEAL!

THE NEXT DAY AT THE HOSPITAL---
FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS HEAD-LINE, SARGE! IT SHOULD MAKE YOU FEEL MUCH BETTER!
LESSEE!

The CLARION
McGINTY DOES IT AGAIN
SERGEANT CAPTURES GOURMET
ASSISTED BY PATROLMAN KIP BURLAN

WELL, GOTTA LEAVE NOW, SARGE-GONNA FINISH THAT DINNER BABS STARTED YESTERDAY! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME!
YEAH-G'BYE!

AT BAB'S HOME, AFTER DINNER
BURP-ULP!
WHAT'S WRONG, KIP?

-AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A MORGUE! S-SO LONG, BABS!

WONDER WHICH IS WORSE, McGINTY, AN OUT AND OUT CRIMINAL LIKE THE GOURMET, OR A WOMAN WHO CAN'T COOK?

THE STRANGE CASE OF MICHAEL DEAN

A BLACK HOOD STORY

THE bullet bit into Michael Dean's shoulder . . . but he didn't cry out. He didn't make a sound. He couldn't. He was a mute . . .

But his family heard the shot and they came rushing into his room. They saw him lying on the floor with blood gushing from his right shoulder . . . saw him writing awkwardly with his left hand, attempting to tell his family in a note what he couldn't tell them by word of mouth. Across the room was an open window. It was only a five foot drop to an alley downstairs, and the attacker had apparently escaped this way. The gun was lying on the ground downstairs.

The note was simple.

"Madman attacked me. Came in through window, rushed at me and shot me in shoulder. Never saw him before. . . ."

Then the police came, and with them, Patrolman Kip Burland. Michael Dean's family was clustered around him, acting tender and sympathetic. It was a pretty little family scene, but Kip's keen eyes fixed themselves briefly on Michael Dean's right hand . . . and he wondered if there might not be more to it than an escaped madman. . . .

He stepped up to Michael Dean and examined his right hand. "What's wrong with his thumb?" he asked Dorothy, the sister.

The thumb wasn't a pretty sight. It was stiff, paralyzed.

Dorothy stared. "Why—why, I don't know," she said. "I never noticed it before."

Burland turned to the wounded man. "You, Dean," he said. "You can hear me, can't you?"

Michael Dean nodded his blond head. There were tears deep in his eyes. Dorothy hissed into Kip's ear, "He can hear you. He's mute—but not deaf."

"All right," said Kip Burland. "What's wrong with your thumb, Dean?"

Dean reached for his pad. Stiffly, he scrawled:

"Can't understand it myself. It was all right this morning. I was using my right hand to hold my book up till the time I was attacked, and my thumb was all right."

Kip nodded. "I see," he said. "Look here, Dean, your note says that you never saw your attacker before. It doesn't seem logical that a man—even a maniac—would come through a window, shoot at you, and jump back out again unless he had something against you—some specific desire to hurt or kill you. Are you positive that you never saw him before? Couldn't you perhaps have forgotten?"

Dean shook his blond head vigorously.

Kip thought for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders. "What did he look like?" he asked.

"He was tall," Dean wrote, "tall and unshaven. Black stubble; heavy black eyebrows. Long black hair, dark eyes. Wearing a dirty brown suit. That's all I saw."

"That's plenty," Kip said. "I guess this is just routine. The police'll pick him up." He walked to the door.

And then at the door, he stopped. "I almost forgot," he said. "Dorothy, will you come over here for a minute?"

She came over.

"There's something I forgot to ask. Has Michael been mute all his life?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "as a matter of fact, he hasn't. He had a streak of bad luck four years ago, and the failure of his vocal cords came right on the tail end of it."

"Let's hear about this streak of bad luck."

Dorothy's eyes became clouded. "First," she said, "Michael's business went bankrupt—and he was left without a cent. Then, suddenly, Michael's wife contracted pneumonia — and she died. And right on top of that, Michael woke one morning and found himself unable to speak . . . and the doctor couldn't do anything about it. . . ."

Kip Burland nodded thoughtfully "I see." He drew a deep breath. "Well, Dorothy, I'm sorry I can't be of any help—but the police operate dragnets . . . and they have the facilities to capture the maniac. Any attempts I would make would be amateur stuff."

He waved goodbye to the entire family and left.

But outside, he became The Black Hood. Then, quickly, he set to work.

He knew it wasn't any use doing so, but he checked anyway. He checked with every insane asylum and sanitarium within two hundred miles and learned that no inmate had escaped.

And then he went back to Michael Dean's house. . . .

Dean's family was still gathered around him. They stared

in astonishment as The Black Hood entered the room.

"Dean," The Hood said, "listen to me. I've come to help you."

Dean breathed heavily for a moment. Then he lifted his pad and wrote, "I recognize you, Black Hood. How do you mean —help me?"

It was then that Dean noticed that The Hood had a small, medical-type bag with him. "Dean," The Black Hood said, "I'm going to restore your voice."

Again Dean's pencil moved across his pad, and his fingers shook as he did so. "How?" he wrote.

"I am going to attempt a treatment which doctors would be afraid to try. If you're willing to take the chance, I think I can restore your voice."

Dean's hands shook as he wrote hurriedly, "Anything. *I'll take any chance. . . .*"

"All right," said The Hood. "Lie back in your chair."

Several members of the family protested, but The Hood waved them aside. "Boiling water—quickly," he ordered. He put a white rag over Dean's nostrils and lifted a small bottle from his bag.

"This won't put you to sleep," he said. "It's just going to dull your senses and lessen the pain a bit. Get ready now."

He opened the bottle and poured a few drops onto the rag. Dean's breathing became heavier.

Then The Hood lifted a long pointed instrument from his bag. He dipped it momentarily into the hot water, and then, swiftly, plunged it down Dean's throat. Dean's body twitched. The Hood jabbed the instrument once, gently, and then withdrew it.

"You're in luck," said The Hood. "I punctured a mucous stoppage which was keeping your vocal cords from operating. Try to talk."

A sound issued from Dean's throat . . . a gargling sound, hideous and horrible. And then Dean shrieked, "*I can speak! I can speak. . . .*"

The Black Hood smiled. "Now look at your thumb—the one that was paralyzed."

Dean stared downward. The thumb was normal again. . . .

"That operation I performed was a phony," The Hood said. "I'm not a surgeon—I don't know a thing about operating. . . ."

Dean stared at him. "But—but I don't understand. Then how . . ."

"Look," said The Hood, "I don't know anything about operations—but as a crimefighter I *do* know a great deal about the mental workings of people —about psychiatry. That's how I was able to analyze your case as *anaesthesia.*"

The Hood paused. Then he continued: "Let me tell you a little about anaesthesia," he said. "It's a funny mental disease—the strangest known to psychiatrical science, perhaps. And only one person can cure it—the patient himself.

"It appears, generally, just after a man or woman has had a series of mental shocks and bad breaks—when that man or woman is beginning to feel terribly sorry for himself or herself. It's a kind of mental pleading for sympathy—a begging for people to help the patient be miserable. . . ."

"I don't understand," Dean said again. "Are you trying to tell me . . ."

"Let me finish my explanation," interrupted The Hood. "At any rate, when a man has this mental desire for sympathy —something subconscious and strange happens. He becomes paralyzed. Sometimes it's an arm—sometimes it's a leg—and, sometimes, Dean, it's the vocal cords. The victim becomes paralyzed—as definitely paralyzed as if it were a true physical paralysis. Why, there have been cases where a patient pushed lighted cigarettes against his leg—and he'd hypnotized himself so thoroughly into believing that the leg was paralyzed that he didn't even feel the pain.

"That's what happened with you, Michael. You just carried it further than some others. You've sat around for four years seeking sympathy — and your family was getting a little used to you by now. So you faked this whole business—actually faked a shooting so that your family's sympathy for you could be renewed. And again your hypnosis worked on yourself. This time your thumb became paralyzed."

The Hood walked to the door —then slowly turned around, facing the group. "There's a treatment for anaesthesiatic patients," he said. "Your doctor must be a general practitioner with a gullible mind and no knowledge whatsoever of mental ailments . . . otherwise he would have diagnosed your case and used this treatment on you long ago. Just as the patient has hypnotized himself into imagining himself paralyzed . . . so must the psychiatrist hypnotize him into thinking he's been cured. I dropped some ordinary water on a piece of rag over your nostrils . . . dipped the surgical instrument into the boiling water—just to give you the illusion of an operation. Then I simply touched your throat with the instrument—and the momentary pain, plus my talk about attempting a treatment that doctors would be afraid to try, hypnotized you into thinking you'd been cured. Naurally, your supposedly paralyzed thumb—which had become that way during your new surge of desire for pity when you pulled that phony shooting —became normal in a hurry."

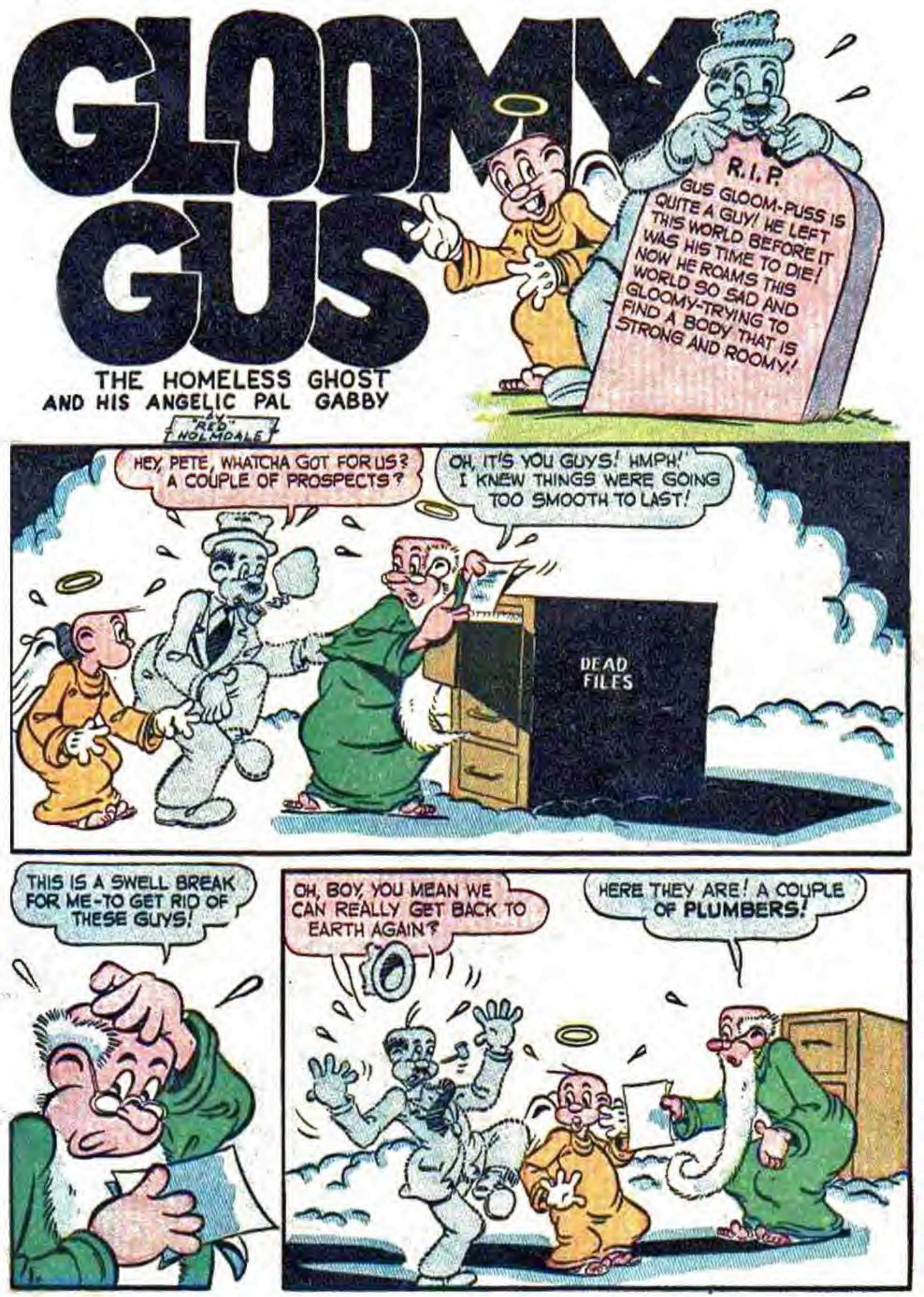
He opened the door. "Get wise to yourself, Dean," he said. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself —and go out and get a job."

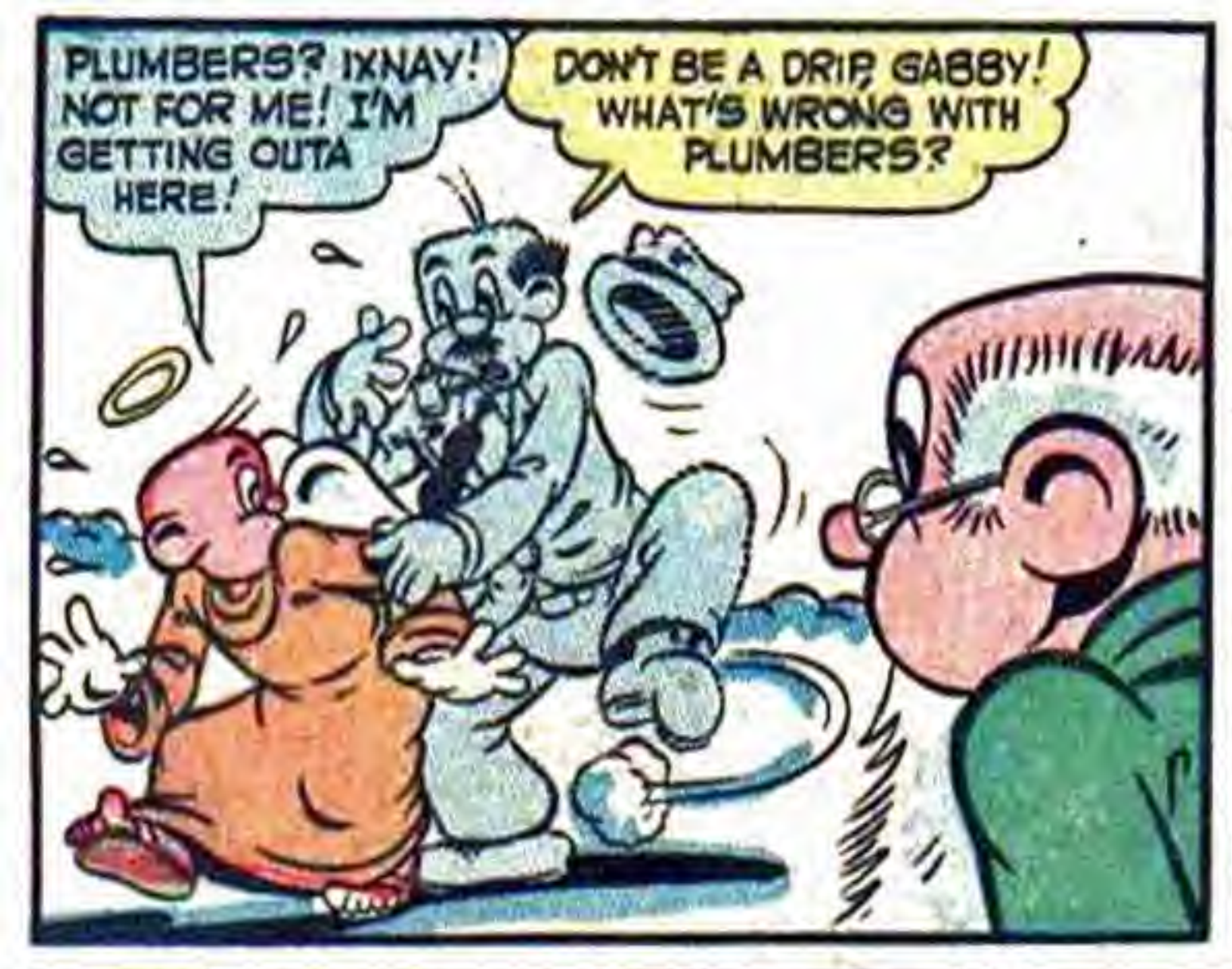
Then he slammed the door behind him and went out into the night.

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST
AND HIS ANGELIC PAL GABBY

BY "RED" NOLMDALE



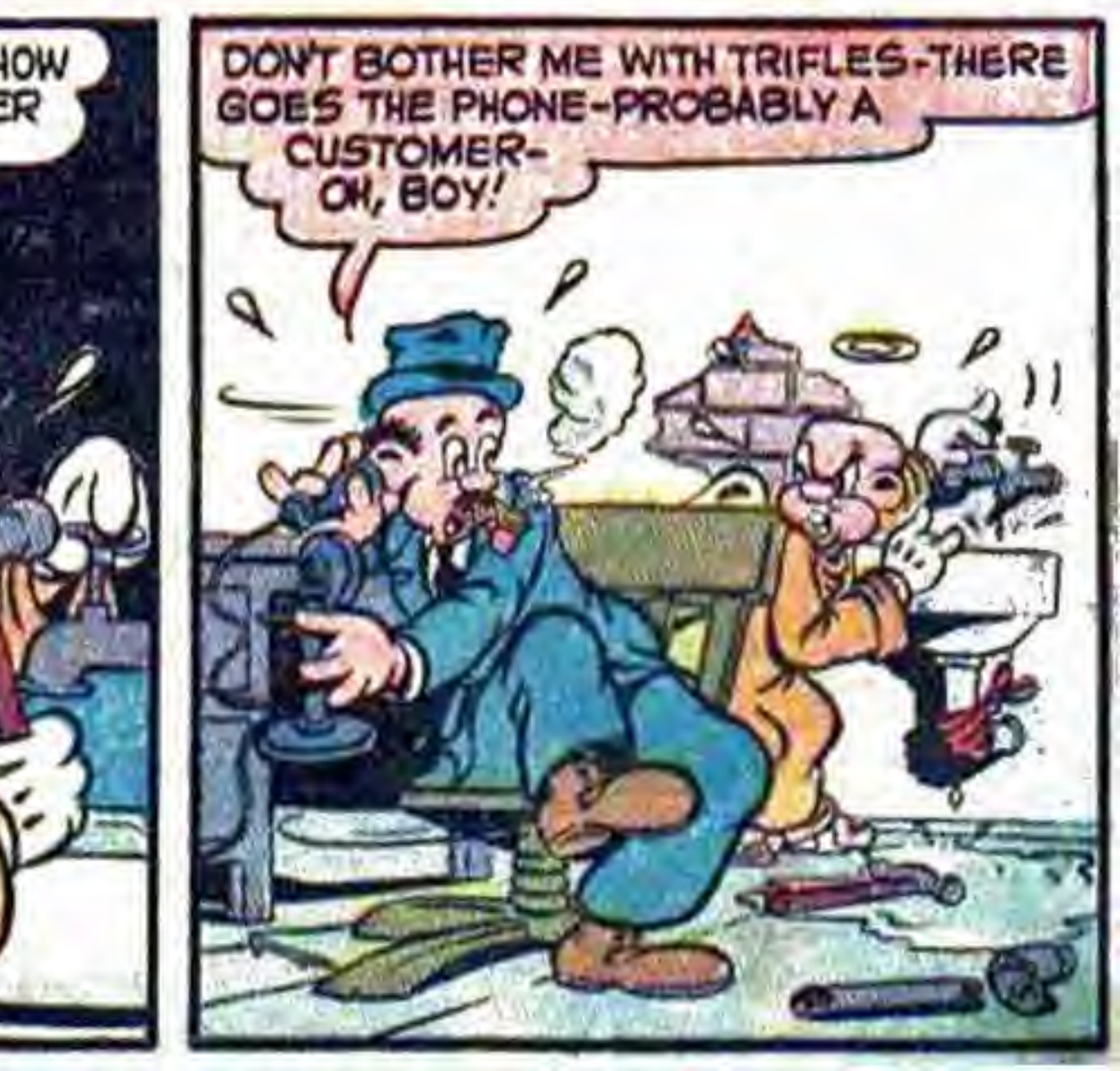

PLUMBERS? IXNAY! NOT FOR ME! I'M GETTING OUTA HERE!
DON'T BE A DRIP, GABBY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH PLUMBERS?

THANKS FOR THE TIP, PETE, WE'LL TAKE THOSE PLUMBERS!
CAREFUL THEY DON'T TAKE YOU!

I STILL THINK WE SHOULD'VE WAITED FOR OTHER PROSPECTS, GUS!
PHOOEY-IN THESE TIMES, WE CAN'T BE FUSSY!

SAY, HOW COME WE'RE PICKING THESE GUYS UP IN THIS PLACE? I DON'T LIKE IT!
WELL, IT'S THE ADDRESS PETE GAVE US, ISN'T IT?
CITY MORGUE

LATER
WE'RE FULL-FLEDGED PLUMBERS! ALL WE NEED IS SOME BUSINESS!
HERE'S SOME! HOW CAN I GET WATER OUTA THIS FAUCET?

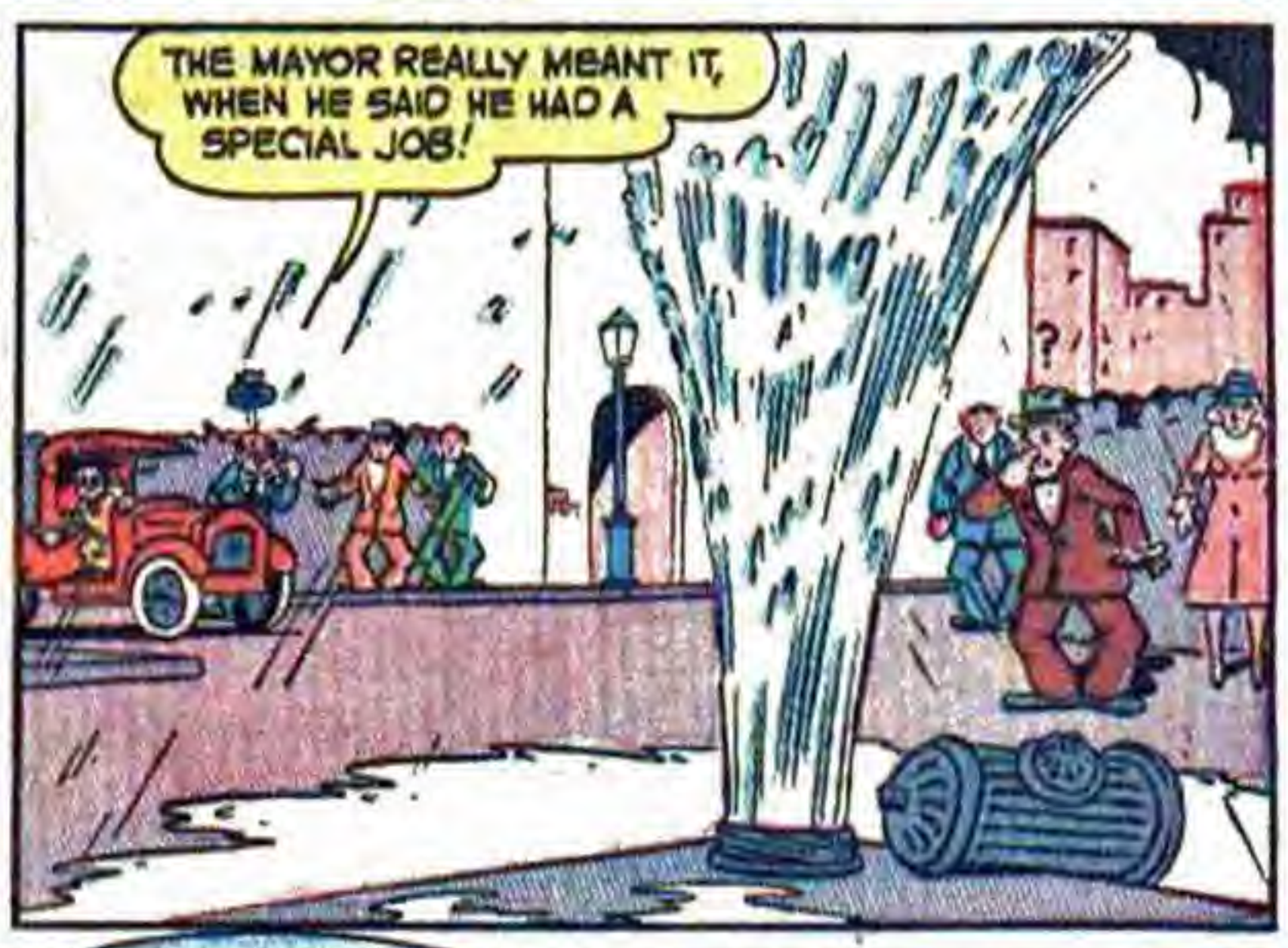

DON'T BOTHER ME WITH TRIFLES-THERE GOES THE PHONE-PROBABLY A CUSTOMER-OH, BOY!

-HOLD EVERYTHING TILL WE GET THERE!

C'MON, GABBY, WE GOTTA RUSH TO CITY HALL! THE MAYOR WANTS US, RIGHT AWAY!
PROB'LY GOING TO TAKE AWAY OUR LICENSES!

NOW THAT WE'RE THE MAYOR'S SPECIAL PLUMBERS, WE OUGHTA CHANGE OUR TITLES TO 'HYDRAMATIC TECHNICIANS'!
PLUMBERS

THE CITY HALL SHOULD BE AT THE END OF THIS BLOCK!
HOLY SMOKES GUS-LOOKY!


THE MAYOR REALLY MEANT IT, WHEN HE SAID HE HAD A SPECIAL JOB!

C'MON, GABBY, BRING THAT MAN-HOLE COVER HERE! WE CAN USE IT!
BE RIGHT WITH YOU-UGH!
3.

NOW THAT I GOT THIS THING-WOTCHA WANT ME TO DO WITH IT?

DROP IT OVER THE SPRAY! IT'LL CUT DOWN THE PRESSURE!
I DUNNO! THAT DON'T SOUND RIGHT!

HEY, WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'D YOU GO, GABBY?

YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!

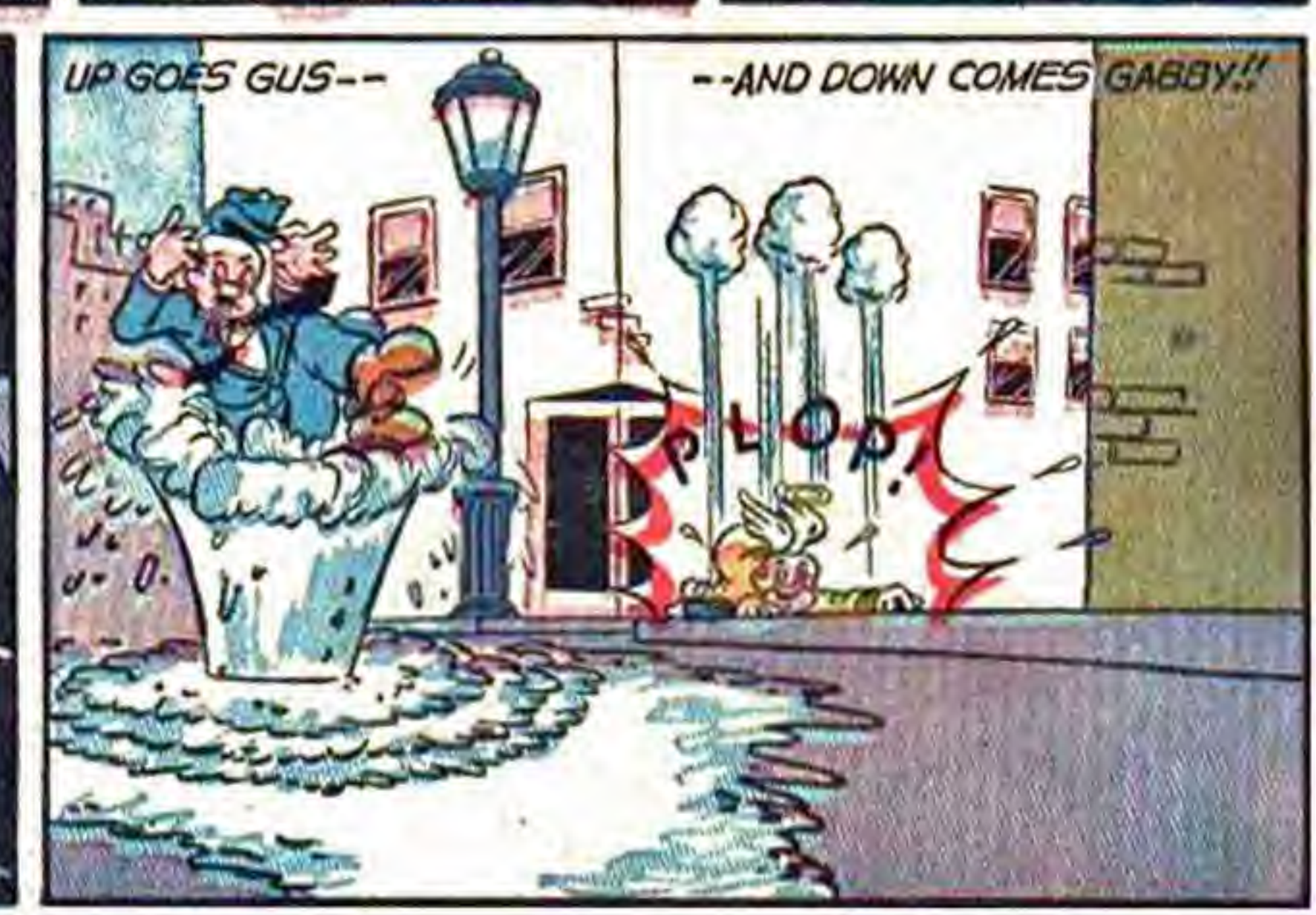
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, GABBY! I'LL GET YOU DOWN!

AH-THESE MUST BE THE WATER-CONTROL PIPES!

IF I LOOSEN UP SOME OF THESE PIPES, I MIGHT GET THE RIGHT ONE!

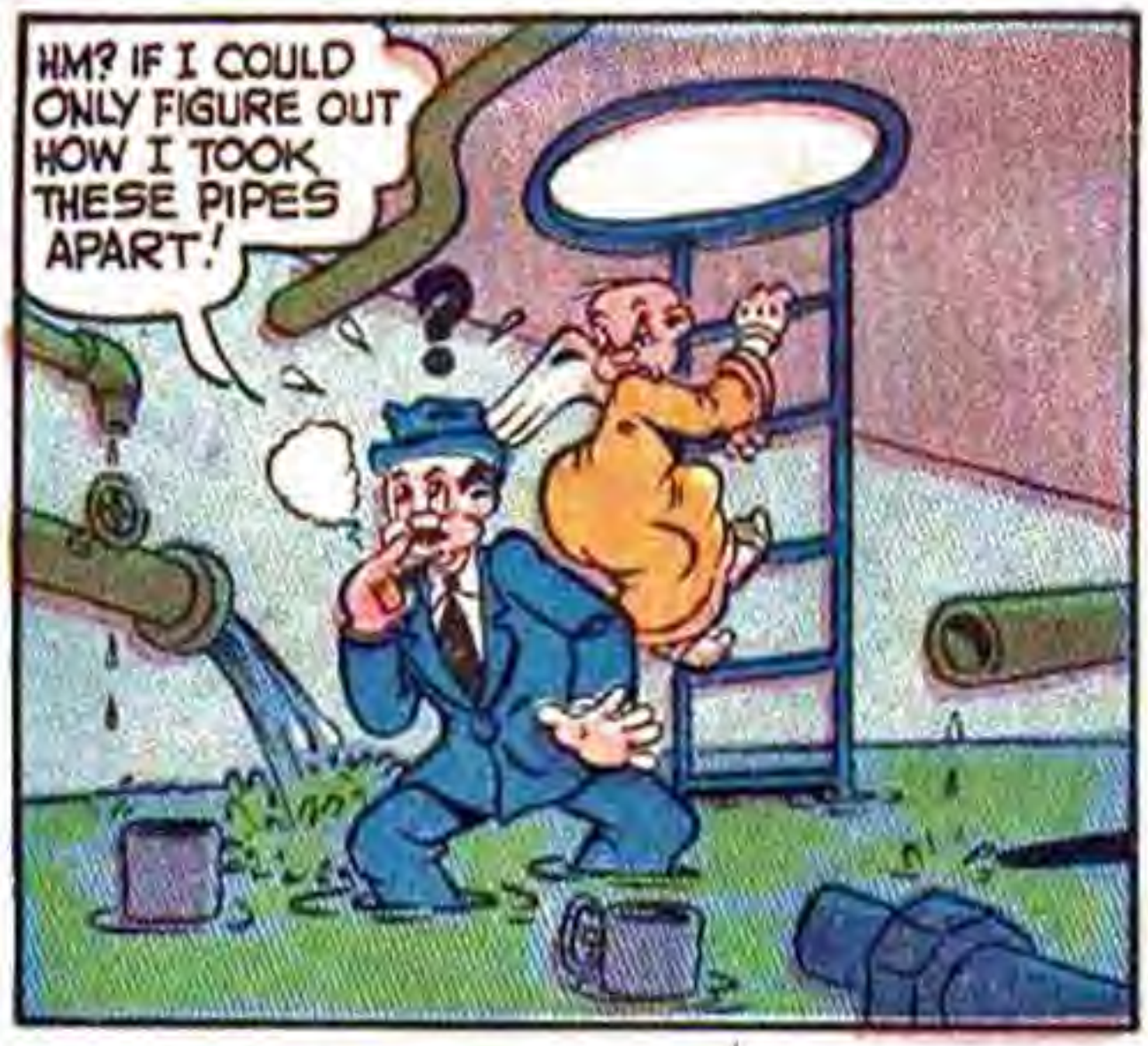
OBOY! SOMETHING IS GIVING!

BLUB-BLUB!
4.


UP GOES GUS--
--AND DOWN COMES GABBY!!

THIS ISN'T EXACTLY THE WAY I'D PLANNED IT, BUT, IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET THAT HYDRANT BACK IN PLACE!
I STILL SAY, LET'S SCRAM WHILE THE SCRAMMING'S GOOD!

IT'S SIMPLE! WE JUST GOTTA CONNECT THE PIPES AGAIN!
WELL, WE GOT THIS BACK IN PLACE-NOW WHAT?


HM? IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE OUT HOW I TOOK THESE PIPES APART!

JUST A COUPLE MORE TURNS AND WE'LL HAVE EVERYTHING SHIPSHAPE!
A COUPLA MINUTES AND WE'LL BE WHERE TH' JAP FLEET IS!

WHEW! WOTTA JOB!
I TOLD YOU WE'D FIX IT! NOW, LET'S DROP IN ON THE MAYOR AND TELL HIM THE GOOD NEWS!

WHO KNOWS? HE MIGHT EVEN PIN A MEDAL ON US FOR THIS!
MAYOR
I KNEW WE'D GET STUCK SOMEHOW!

WE JUST CAME TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING'S FIXED!

EVERYTHING'S FIXED ALL RIGHT- LISTEN TO SOME O' THE COMPLAINTS I'M GETTING!

BLA-BLA-BLA

BLA-BLA

LE'S LIS'EN, GUS!

-BUT I TELL YOU I JUST TURNED ON THE GAS STOVE!

WHAT THE-?

?

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO MY WELDERS! IT IS SABOTAGE!

THE WEATHER REPORT FOR TODAY IS-BLUB-BLUB-HELP! I'M DROWNING!

BUT I TELL YOU I WANT TH' MAYOR!

CONTROL ROOM

LE'S GO!

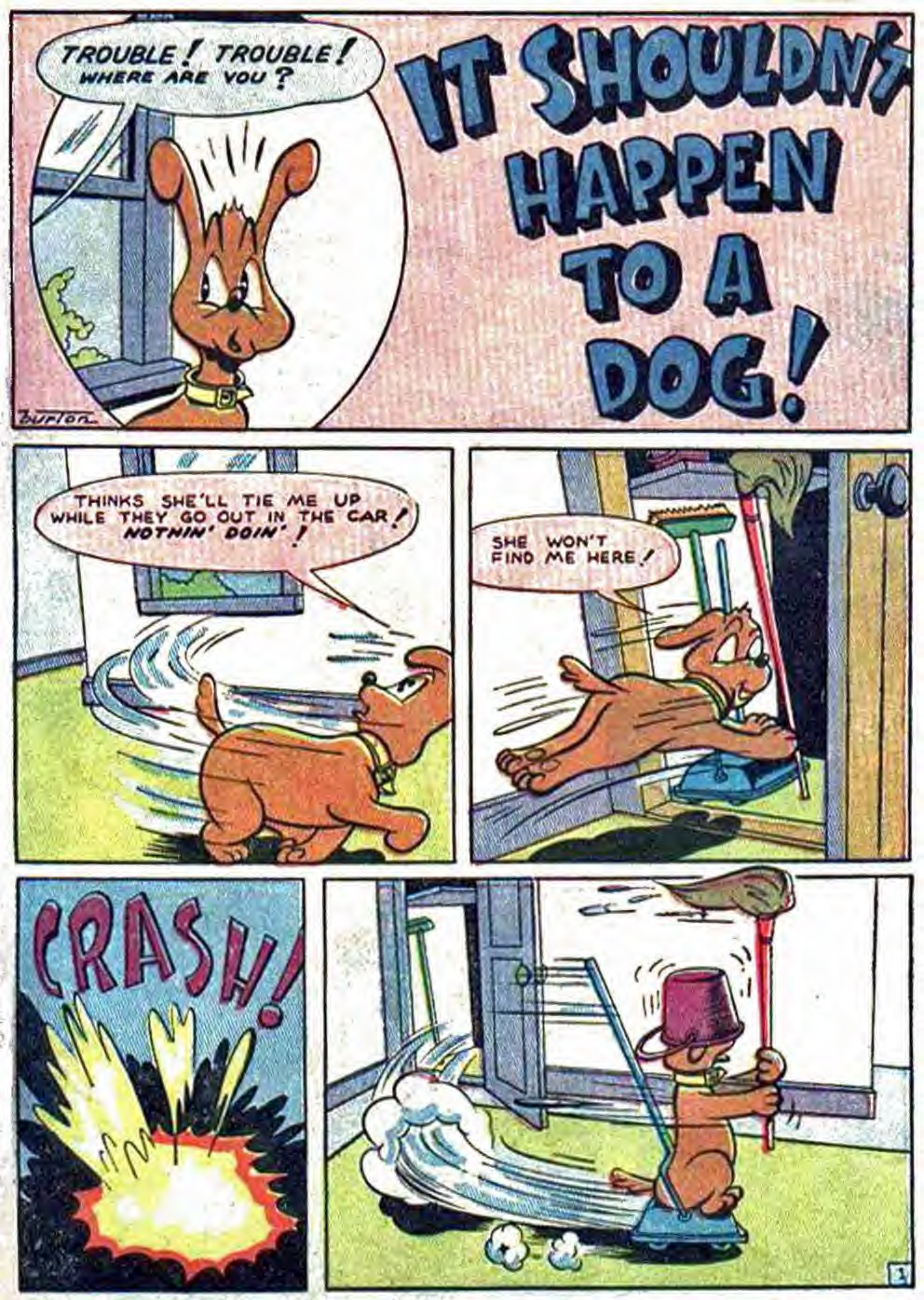
AS FOR YOU TWO IDIOTS, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

--JUST AS SOON AS I CALL THE POLICE-- BLUB-UGH!

COME ON, YOU GUYS! BEFORE YOU FLOOD THE WHOLE CITY!

WE WERE GLAD TO LEAVE THAT PLACE, PETE-BUT TELL US HOW THOSE PLUMBERS CAME TO DIE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

THEY DROWNED!


TROUBLE! TROUBLE! WHERE ARE YOU?
IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!
Burton
THINKS SHE'LL TIE ME UP WHILE THEY GO OUT IN THE CAR! NOTHIN' DOIN'!
SHE WON'T FIND ME HERE!
CRASH!

CARPET NEEDED A CLEANING ANYHOW--

--STAIRS CAN USE A MOPPING, TOO!

WHAT! NO COAL SHOVEL?

CRUNCH

BETTER GET GOING BEFORE THEY FIND ME!

COAST IS CLEAR!

NOW, IF I CAN JUST GET THAT WINDOW OPEN---

---AND CLIMB INTO THE KITCHEN!

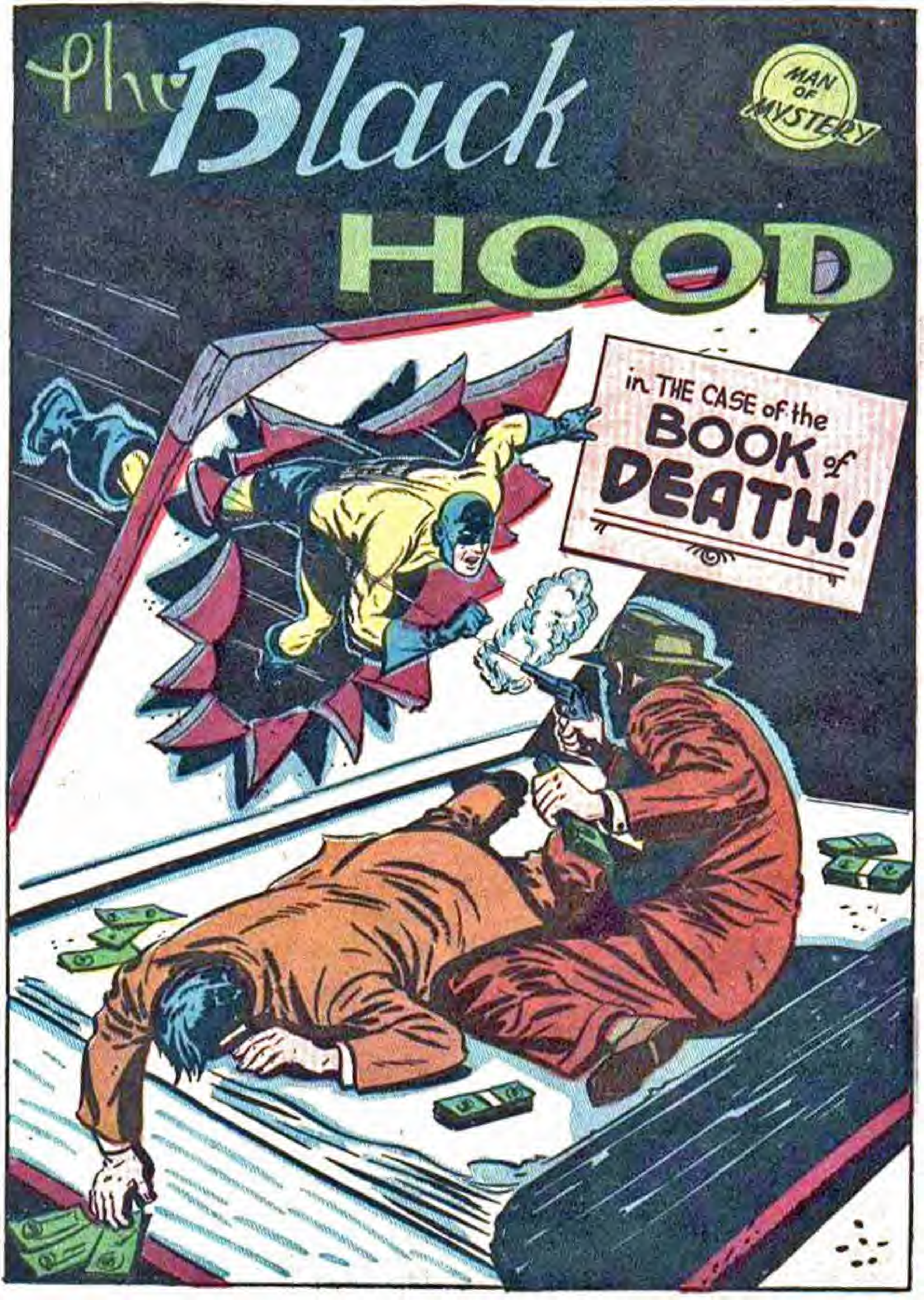
HERE WE GO!

BANG!

HELP!

TROUBLE! JUST LOOK AT YOU! ---AND WE WANTED TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE IN THE CAR!

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!
TROUBLE
THE END


The Black HOOD
MAN OF MYSTERY
in THE CASE of the BOOK of DEATH!

THIS STRANGE TALE BEGINS AS MOST STRANGE TALES DO, IN A VERY ORDINARY WAY! BARBARA SUTTON IS BROWSING IN A BOOK STORE---
HMM? AN UNUSUAL BOOK!!

I'LL TAKE THIS BOOK, PLEASE!
YES, MA'AM!

SAY, WHERE'D YOU FIND THIS? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD IT---
IT WAS STUCK IN BACK OF THE OTHER BOOKS!

WAIT A MINUTE! I WANNA BUY THAT BOOK!
I'M SORRY, SIR, IT'S ALREADY BEEN SOLD TO THIS YOUNG LADY!

I SAID I WANT THAT BOOK AND I MEAN IT, PUNK!

YOU BRUTE! LET GO OF THAT NICE CLERK!
PONK!

HE'S GETTING AWAY- HELP!! POLICE!!

BABS, WHAT'S WRONG HERE?
HELLO, KIP! SOME GOOF STARTED A RUMPUS OVER A BOOK I BOUGHT! STARTED TO CHOKE THE CLERK!

HERE'S THE BOOK-IT'S A BIT RARE, BUT NOT OF MUCH VALUE!! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HE WANTED WITH IT!
WELL, I'LL BE--! HE MUST BE NUTS!

WELL, I'D BETTER PAY FOR MY PURCHASE AND RUN ALONG HOME!
HMMM? I WONDER.

SOMETIME LATER--
FUNNY HOW I CAN'T GET THAT BOOK OFF MY MIND! THINK I'LL RUN OVER TO BABS' PLACE AND HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT IT!
P.D.

MEANWHILE, BABS IS ALSO HAVING A "LOOK" AT THE BOOK------
THIS'S QUEER! THE BINDING IS AWFULLY THICK FOR THE NUMBER OF PAGES IT CONTAINS!

UGH!
YOU SEEN ENOUGH, SISTER?

HELP!
THAT'S COMING FROM BABS' APARTMENT!

HEY, WHAT GIVES?

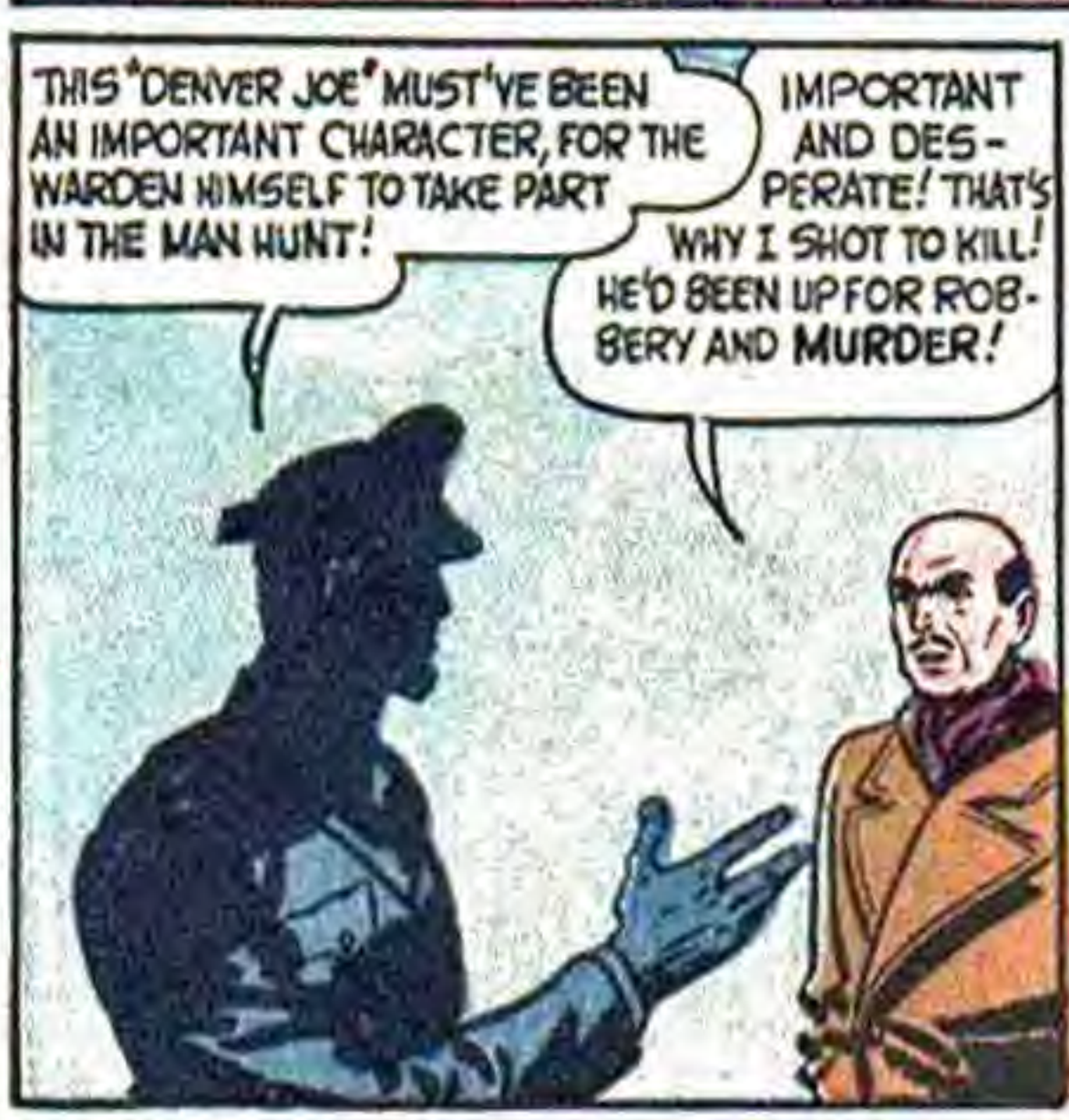
KIP! IT'S THE SAME MAN WHO WAS IN THE BOOK STORE!

I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM, NOW! LOOKS LIKE HE MADE HIS GET-AWAY!

BUT SUDDENLY--
ARR-

HEY, HE'S DEAD! YOU SHOT HIM!
YES, OFFICER! I'M JAMES HAWES, WARDEN OF THE NORTHVILLE PENITENTIARY!

THIS MAN IS "DENVER JOE" CARROLL! ONE OF OUR ESCAPED INMATES AND HE LED US A MERRY CHASE FOR AWHILE!
HMM-M?


THIS "DENVER JOE" MUST'VE BEEN AN IMPORTANT CHARACTER, FOR THE WARDEN HIMSELF TO TAKE PART IN THE MAN HUNT!
IMPORTANT AND DESPERATE! THAT'S WHY I SHOT TO KILL! HE'D BEEN UP FOR ROBBERY AND MURDER!

HE SURE MUST HAVE WANTED THAT BOOK PRETTY BAD! WHAT DID HAPPEN TO THE BOOK?
BOOK? I DIDN'T SEE ANY BOOK-DID YOU, HANLON?
NOT ME, WARDEN!

THAT'S FUNNY-HE HARDLY HAD TIME TO DITCH IT!

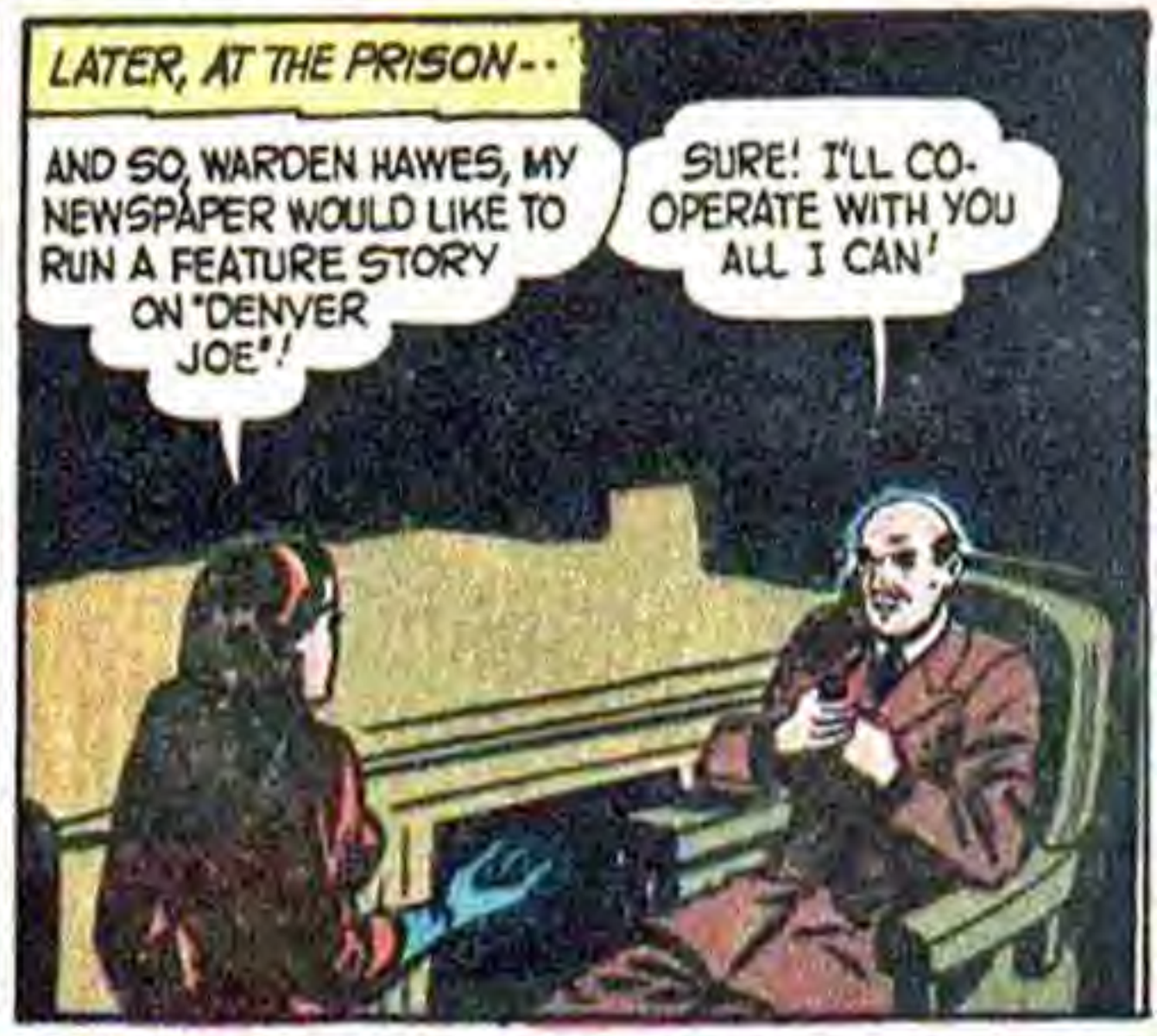
LATER-BACK AT HEADQUARTERS!
YEAH! SAY, WHAT WAS JOE UP FOR, SARGE?
GREAT WORK, KIR, JUST HEARD ABOUT HOW YOU HELPED CATCH "DENVER JOE"!

I COVERED THAT STORY, KIP!! CARROLL HELD UP A PAYROLL TRUCK AND KILLED TH' DRIVER- HE NEVER DID TELL WHAT HE DID WITH THE $50,000 HE GOT AWAY WITH IT

SAY, I'VE GOT A HUNCH, BABS!
NOW, WHAT KINDA BUG IS BITIN' YA, BURLAND? YA CAUGHT TH' CROOKS, B'GOBS, AIN'T THAT ENOUGH?

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY CARROLL WANTED THAT BOOK SO BADLY, NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO DO-IS FIND IT!
BUT HOW?

I'M PLAYING A CRAZY CHANCE, BARBARA, AND I'LL NEED YOUR HELP!
IF THERE'S A STORY IN IT, YOU'VE GOT IT!


LATER, AT THE PRISON--
AND SO, WARDEN HAWES, MY NEWSPAPER WOULD LIKE TO RUN A FEATURE STORY ON "DENVER JOE"!
SURE! I'LL CO-OPERATE WITH YOU ALL I CAN!

SWELL, WOULD YOU SHOW ME HIS CELL, PLEASE?
HUH? WELL, OKAY-LET'S GO!

THAT MINUTE, ENTERING THE PRISON GATES-------
LAUNDRY

WOW, DIS LAUNDRY BAG'S AWFUL HEAVY! WOT'S IN IT, ROCKS?

WUEW! I DIDN'T T'INK I COULD LIFT IT INTO THE CHUTE!

AH, TH' LAUNDRY! BETTER OPEN IT AND--
LAUNDRY

UFF!

SORRY, PAL, BUT IT HAD TO BE!

NOW TO GET PAST THAT GUARD-BUT HOW?

HMM-I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD AT VENTRILOQUISM-NOW IF I HAVEN'T LOST THE OLD TOUCH!?!

HEY, YA FLAT-FOOTED BUM, C'MERE!
HUH? WHO SAID THAT?

WHAT'D YA CALL ME, PUNK?
ME? I DIDN'T SAY A WOID!

OH, NO? I HEARD YOU PLAIN ENOUGH-FOR TWO CENTS--
AH, YER NUTS I TELL YA!

AH, THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT LAST-GOOD OLD BABS!

THE BOOK-IT'S HERE! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!

AND HERE'S THE FIFTY GRAND-HIDDEN BEHIND THIS FALSE BINDING!

DROP THAT MONEY, BLACK HOOD!!
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE WARDEN! YOU GOT BACK SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!

BUT IT'S STILL TOO LATE! YOU DELIBERATELY LET "DENVER JOE" BREAK OUT! DIDN'T YOU?
YES, I KNEW HE'D LEAD ME TO WHERE HE'D HIDDEN THAT DOUGH! I WAS SICK OF WORKING FOR PEANUTS ON THIS JOB!

I'VE GOT THE DOUGH AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET YOU!

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT!
ALARM BELL

OKAY, HOOD! GET GOING OUT THIS BACK DOOR!
SAY, WHAT IS THIS?

VERY SIMPLE! I'VE JUST GIVEN THE ALARM THAT A PRISONER'S ESCAPED!
I GET IT! AND THE WALL GUARDS'LL SHOOT THE FIRST THING THEY SEE MOVING IN THE YARD! PRETTY CLEVER, WARDEN!

-THEN BEGINS A GRIM CAT AND MOUSE GAME WITH THE PRISON SEARCHLIGHT!
IF I GET CAUGHT IN THESE LIGHTS-I'M A DEAD PIGEON!

IT'S COMING CLOSER-I'VE GOT TO FIND A PLACE TO HIDE! BUT WHERE?

THAT TOOL BOX! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

JUST MADE IT! BUT NOT FOR LONG-IF THEY SWING THAT OTHER LIGHT OVER THIS WAY--

MEANWHILE--
WHY DON'T THEY SHOOT? WHAT'S HOLDING THEM UP?

BLAST THAT SLIPPERY BIRD! HE'S HIDING-BUT WHERE? THE TOOL BOX! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?

I'LL GET HIM OUT OF THERE, MYSELF!

WARDEN HAWES IS PICKED UP BY ONE OF THE LIGHTS-----

AAARGH!

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S WARDEN HAWES!

AND WHILE ALL IS CHAOS AND CONFUSION IN THE PRISON YARD, THE BLACK HOOD MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FAR WALL! SUDDENLY HIS SHARP EYE SPOTS---
A ROPE!

AND IT'S DOLLARS TO DONUTS, I KNOW WHO TOSSED IT OVER!

I COULDN'T KEEP THE WARDEN AWAY ANY LONGER, HOOD! HE GOT TOO SUSPICIOUS, BUT I DID MANAGE TO SNEAK BACK AND GET THE BOOK!
BARBARA, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

THE NEXT DAY----

TIMES-HERALD

WARDEN HAWES MISTAKENLY SLAIN IN FREAK PRISON BREAK

·AND FEATURED ON PAGE TWO--

TIMES HERALD

POLICE SGT. McGINTY FINDS MONEY STOLEN FIVE YEARS AGO

McGINTY DOES IT AGAIN

McGINTY DOES IT AGAIN!!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER---

WELL, McGINTY, THIS'S ANOTHER FEATHER IN YOUR CAP, CONGRATULATIONS!

AW, IT WAS NOTHIN', COMMISS-IONER!

AND HERE, BARBARA, IS A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU, AS A TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION!

MANY THANKS, KIP!

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT Barbara Sutton IS ENTITLED TO ONE SUBSCRIPTION FOR LIFE TO THE----- BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB

WHY YOU BIG LUG-GET OUT OF HERE!

AND ALL I DID WAS TRY TO KEEP HER OUT OF BOOK SHOPS!

EXQUISITE! LOVELY! ALLURING!

24K GOLDPLATED MATCHED CAMEO RING *and* EARRING BIRTHSTONE SET

Here's the most amazing jewelry offer we have ever made! Everyone knows the exquisite, delicate, expensive looking beauty of a fine Cameo and the rich charm of 24K gold. Now, for the first time, you can own a beautiful matched set of these lovely simulated Cameos in your own birthstone color. These beautifully, designed, delicately colored, wonderfully wrought, simulated Cameos are mounted on the finest 24K gold-plated rings and earrings money can buy. What's more, they're guaranteed. Yes, fully guaranteed and warranted for 10 years against any form of tarnish or discoloration. Guaranteed not to lose any of their beautiful polish or luster or your money back.

SPECIALLY FITTED RING AND EARRING

This lovely set is so rich looking, so well made, that smart looking women everywhere are proudly wearing them. The goldplated ring glows with the fine burnished luster that only 24K gold can produce. Its special design makes it instantly adjustable in size to any finger, and once fitted it is set in a comfortable non-pinch fit SPECIALLY ADJUSTED TO YOUR FINGER. The delicately made screw-on-type goldplated earrings cling to your ears with the gentle stubborn tenacity of fine jewelry.

AN AMAZING OFFER

When you get your set show it to your friends, compare it with the finest jewelry in your local shops, admire it on yourself in your mirror. Then you will know why we say that this is the most amazing offer we have made, and you will agree that it is the greatest bargain you have ever purchased. You can see your set at our risk—get it at our expense—if you act now!

ALL 3 PIECES **1.98** Plus 40¢ Fed. Tax

GUARANTEE
If Not Completely Satisfied, Return Within 5 Days and Your Money will be Quickly Refunded.

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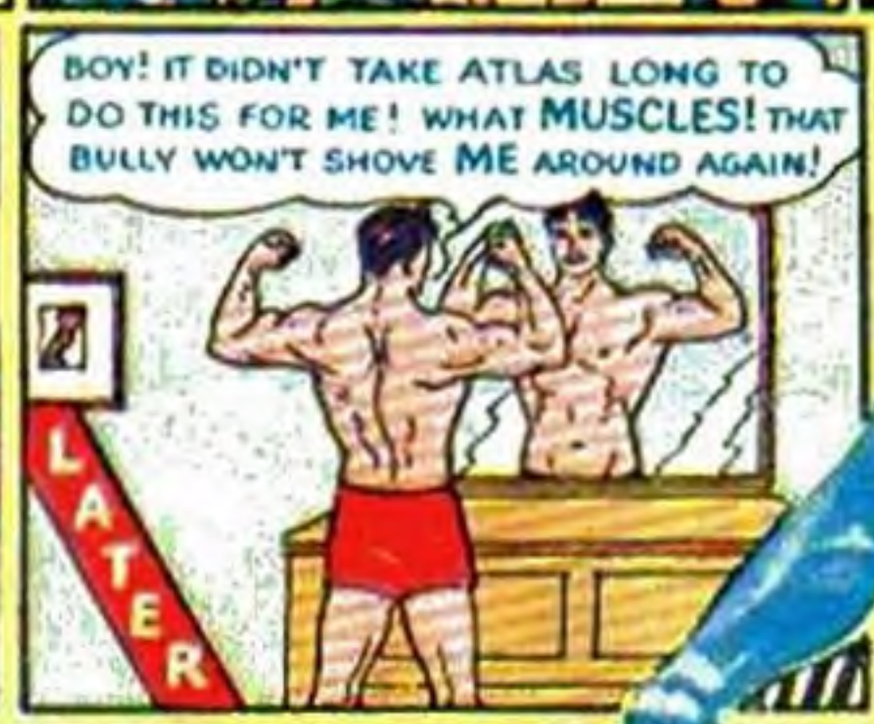

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